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Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

SEES MARKED IMPROVEMENT IN SHIPPING

Sir W. Currie Tells London Chamber of Gratifying Conditions in Industry During Past Year

WITHDRAWAL OF STATE OWNERSHIP

Australia Lost $60,000,000 and U.S. Showed Deficit of $280,000,000 in Seven Years' Operation

MARKED improvement in the relations between capital and labor was declared by Sir William Currie at a recent Chamber of Shipping meeting in London to have been the most important sign of the past year.

Sir William, in his presidential address, said "The absence of domestic strife has been most marked.

"Statistics of days lost by disputes in 1928 are, with one exception, the lowest for the last thirty-six years.

"In co-operation and good fellowship the shipping industry leads the way. It is the envy of many and despair of the troublemongers."

Important happenings in shipping during the year had been the withdrawal from business by the Australian Government, and the gradual diminution of the interests of the American Shipping Board.

Australia had lost, since its experiment commenced £12,000,000, and the American Board, on operating only, £56,000,000 in seven years.

To British shipping it was a matter of very complete satisfaction that two such outstanding examples of state ownership had collapsed.

British shipping had never asked to be "spoon-fed" by the Government. It had prospered by competition and the skill and fortitude of its seamen.

But it had certain unfair competition to meet from other countries. They did not ask the Government for assistance, but they did ask for equal opportunities for the vessels of all nations in all ports.

They wanted fair and free trading internationally and as few restrictions as possible upon their ships.

"KING OF AFRICA" WELCOMED HOME

Marcus Garvey, Famous Negro, Returns to Old Home on Political Thoughts Intent

Marcus Garvey, so-called King of Africa, has returned to Kingston, Jamaica, to seek a seat in the Legislature and to begin publication of a negro newspaper called The Black Man.

Since his return from America and Europe, Garvey, not chagrined by his treatment in London and his arrests in New York and Canada, is making his presence felt in his home land of Jamaica.

He has purchased property there valued at $20,000, including a printing shop, and proposes to issue a daily newspaper. He has announced his intention to stand for election as a Legislative Council member from the parish of St. Andrew.

If Garvey should be elected—and the chances are that he will succeed, due to the large number of negroes in the parish—he will have full scope for his powers of oratory in the Colonial Council Chamber. He may also benefit by the mental discipline which the new political atmosphere will provide for him.

Garvey will now have an excellent opportunity to manifest his practical interest in the masses whose cause he professes to have at heart. Thousands of negroes in Jamaica are out of employment at the present time.

FAMINE HITS KENYA

Drought and Locust Plague Result in 130,000 Natives Being Without Food

A special meeting of the Kenya Legislative Council has considered the famine conditions which have followed the drought and the plague of locusts, and has passed legislation to meet the emergency. The Acting Governor stated that there were at present 130,000 natives without food, and there was a possibility that the number would increase. They would require to be fed for five months. The Legislature has voted £200,000 in order to finance the Food Board's operations. The intention of the Government is that, so far as possible, the natives shall be encouraged to repay the relief provided, while, to relieve the pressure on the famine-stricken areas, arrangements are being made to encourage able-bodied people to seek employment in public and private work. It is not expected that there will be any interference with the normal export trade of the Colony.

King's Physician Forecasts Longevity By Giving Statistics

SIR Humphrey Rolleston, physician to King George and signer of the recent bulletins concerning the King's health, is an enthusiast on the subject of statistics. By their means he has tried to figure out expectancy of life for any given person. As a rule, he says, women live longer than men. Out of 691 centenarians who died within a period of ten years, 504 were women and 187 men.

His method of finding the age at which a person may expect to die involves mathematics. Add the years at which your father and mother, your two grandfathers and two grandmothers died. Divide the total by six and you will have the age at which you will shuffle off this mortal coil.

Sir Humphrey cautions against considering this result as infallibly correct. It is only a rough guess. His game might be made more entertaining, and the answers more individualistic, by deducting from the score for past attacks of illness, two off for measles, five for diphtheria, and so on.

ANOTHER SLUM TO DISAPPEAR

Notorious Lane in London's Fashionable West End to Make Way for Modern Many-Storied Tenements

WHERE RICH AND POOR RUB ELBOWS

World's End Passage is doomed, and no one except a lover of queer names will regret its passing. All of Chelsea knew World's End Passage as the darkest, narrowest and most unhealthful alleyway in the West End of London. Now its ramshackle houses are being torn down to make way for modern many-storied tenements.

From the top of a bus rumbling along King's Road could just be seen World's End Passage, like a slit in the wall of houses. In an apologetic way it dived behind a public house named appropriately "The World's End," and then shambled off in the direction of the Thames. It consisted chiefly of damp, dilapidated two-story houses, huddled together elbow to elbow along a ten-foot alley. Cockney children ran through the alley toward the river, where at least they could find sunshine.

At the other end of World's End Passage was a cobblestone court which at first sight seemed to lead nowhere. Desperate poverty stalked through the alley until it turned a sharp concealed corner and emerged in the brilliant sunlight of the Chelsea Embankment. On sunny days the water glistened and gulls circled overhead for bits of bread thrown to them by well-dressed promenaders. Luckily World's End Passage was almost hidden, and for years people living on the Embankment hardly knew of its existence.

Now, however, those wealthy house owners—among them Lord Melchett, Sir Samuel Hoare and others in high places—have awakened Chelsea to its worst slum. Soon it will be only a bad dream. In the twentieth century a street like that was an anomaly which nothing could excuse. It was built in the eighteen-twenties, with no regard for such elementary necessities as sunlight, space and sanitation. It was, in fact, a typical slum area buried in the heart of one of London's richest boroughs. It was a perfect example of how poverty and wealth still rub elbows in this city of amazing contrasts.

CHAPLAIN'S MEMORIAL

Toc H to Light Lamp to Memory of Late Worker in Tristan da Cunha

The Leighton Buzzard branch of Toc H has decided to dedicate its Lamp of Maintenance to the memory of the Rev Henry Martyn Rogers, who died in Leighton Buzzard soon after his return after a life of privation in Tristan da Cunha. The lamp, which will be known as the Martyn Rogers Lamp, will be lit by the Prince of Wales on April 27 in Church House, Westminster, when forty-nine other lamps will be lit. The secretary of Toc H stated recently that most of these lamps were for groups in Britain, but that a number were for the Dominions. Lamps would be lit for groups in South Africa and in Canada.

Fitting Punishment

When Tom Woodcock, aged sixty-three, pleaded guilty at Lincoln to being drunk in charge of a motor car and driving dangerously, it was stated that his car mounted a pavement in the city and knocked down an electric feeder pillar. At Woodcock's own request his licence was suspended for life, and he was fined £5 for each offence.

FLAPPER VOTE SHOWS TORIES STILL IN LEAD

Straw Ballot Conducted by London Journal Records 200,000 Responses, Giving Conservatives Lead

5,000,000 NEW NAMES ON LIST

Socialists Hold Second Place—Leaders Have 50 Per Cent More Votes Than Liberal Party

GREAT interest is being taken in the "straw ballot" conducted by The Mirror in an attempt to discover the political leanings of the millions of the lately created "flapper" votes in Britain.

The totals up to the end of last month were: Conservatives, 83,502; Socialists, 73,590; Liberals, 55,719.

It will be seen from these figures that over 200,000 women have already voted in the ballot, thus giving The Daily Mirror valuable assistance in testing the political opinions of the new voters.

It will be seen that the Conservatives have somewhat of a lead which has been maintained ever since the first totals were published some weeks ago.

Votes are being recorded at the rate of from 30,000 to 40,000 each week. The ballot is impartial, and the representatives conducting it are not allowed in any circumstances to express any propagandist views. The individual voter is assured of secrecy. She has neither to divulge her name nor address. The voter has simply to place a cross on the printed form against the party she favors, and then drop the form into the receptacle provided.

Under certain conditions, party organizers who wish to make use of the forms may have them free of charge for circulation and collection.

RADIUM CLAIMS THREE VICTIMS

London Nurse and Two Laboratory Workers Martyrs to Duty in Doctor's Office

Hayward Pinch, F.R.C.S., who has been medical superintendent for twenty years of the Radium Institute in London, recently stated that three of his staff—a nurse and two laboratory assistants—have died from devotion to the work of the institute.

He himself nearly died. His blood was affected by the rays and he was an invalid for five months. Now every precaution is taken. Every worker of the institute has two day's holiday a week. The work of making up the apparatus is done by relays of workers and no one is allowed to do it for more than three months.

Mr Pinch has seen radium first scoffed at, then tolerated, and lastly acclaimed by physicians throughout the world. Hospitals are now clamoring for it. At first the institute treated only hopeless cases of cancer—cases in which every other known recourse had been tried and found futile. In spite of that, some really spectacular results were obtained. Now the surgeons are sending cases in the early stages and the cures equal anything done by the radium institutes on the Continent—which, unlike our own, are subsidized by the State and can pick their own cases.

Everywhere hospitals are demanding radium. They will have to remember that it is a double-edged tool. Radium used with imperfect knowledge is likely to do more harm than good.

NEW COMMONWEALTH

Duke of Montrose Suggests Confederation of Scotland, Wales and Perhaps All Ireland

The Duke of Montrose was the principal speaker at a national demonstration "to assert Scotland's rights" held recently in Edinburgh, Sir Archibald Sinclair, M.P., presided. The Duke said that the people of Scotland had a right to manage their own domestic affairs, while at the same time sharing in the burdens of the Imperial Parliament as regards foreign policy, national defence and other matters which affected the Empire. If they could get some system of Federal Government comprising Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, then Southern Ireland might throw in their lot with the others, and they would then have a real commonwealth of the British Isles.

"This carcase of mine is for the medical college of research if they are willing to pay for it. The money is for my landlady, as I owe it to her for rent." This note was left by John Thomas, a Cardiff ex-Service man, who was found gassed. Suicide while of unsound mind was the verdict.

North Wales' Hard Winter

A motor car embedded in a huge snowdrift on the Conway-Penmaenmawr Road in North Wales, where the oldest inhabitants have no recollection of similar conditions in Winter.

COLD WEATHER

British Isles Suffer Visitation From Arctic Regions—Sudden Change to Summer

The recent cold spell in Britain has brought out a crop of stories, many of which are worth repeating. Here are some from The Bradford Telegraph and Argus:

At a Wansbeck fire a family was found to be trapped in an upper room, and no ladders were available. The low temperature, however, was the savior of the family, for when the firemen attempted to play on the flames the jet froze, and by leaning the giant icicle against the wall and cutting steps in it an effective scaling ladder was made. The fire was extinguished by throwing lumps of ice on to it.

Two Bradford business men were seen to be struggling in Market Street, and were taken into custody. At the City Court later it was explained that while they were shaking hands over a deal their palms had become frozen together, and they were struggling to free themselves when they were arrested.

At an inquest on a man who was supposed to have died from lockjaw the doctor startled the court by stating that death was due to the weather conditions. The man had walked home during the intense frost and his teeth had frozen so solidly together that he was suffocated.

Though the ice on which thousands of Londoners were skating during one week-end had not fully melted, the capital in the next week was sweltering under what was officially described as "almost a heat wave."

At midday it was ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit and sixty-seven in the shade.

AFRIKANDER TELLS OF PREFERENCES

London Commission From South Africa Recalls Action of Imperial Conference

Eric Louw, new High Commissioner for South Africa, in taking office in London discussed the controversy in the House of Assembly at Capetown on a Government motion for ratification of the trade treaty with Germany. Opponents to the treaty allege that it provides that in the future the tariff preferences granted in Great Britain by South Africa would have to be shared by Germany, that it puts the British dominions on the same footing commercially in relation to South Africa as foreign countries.

"The Imperial Conference of 1926," said Mr. Louw, "gave to South Africa full independence of political status. Political independence brought with it economic freedom of action. If South Africa is to confine its trade within a certain area—if she is not permitted to conclude trade treaties with foreign countries—then the much-vaunted 'independence status' of the dominions is merely a matter of words and is of no practical value.

"The Government of the Union stands by the 1926 resolutions and is determined to maintain the status and rights conferred by them, videlicet, entire freedom of action in economic as well as political matters," he said in conclusion.

Ancient London

London had no pre-Roman existence concludes the keeper of London Museum, Dr R. E. M. Wheeler, no Celtic remains having ever been found on the site. The Thames was not fordable there, it is now believed, but when the Romans threw a bridge across, the city grew around it.

BALANCE OF TRADE IN BRITISH FAVOR

Report Just Issued Shows Large Growth of Sum Available for Foreign Investment

The balance of trade has swung heavily in Great Britain's favor, according to a Government report recently published. This shows a net surplus of £139,000,000 available for overseas investment last year compared with £114,000,000 in 1927 and £9,000,000 in 1926. The exports of British manufactured goods were up by £14,000,000 which is taken to show that the effects of the 1926 general strike have now largely disappeared.

The heartening effect of this report upon Britain's industry is generally enhanced by the continued increased activity in the coal trade. The exports from South Wales ports in a recent week totaled 504,000 tons, compared with 271,000 tons for the previous seven days, being considerably above those of any corresponding week in the last four years.

The London and Northeastern Railway reports that the coal and coke shipments from northeast coast ports had increased by 280,000 tons last month, compared with the corresponding period in 1927. The Yorkshire Coal Exchange report issued recently is also optimistic. There is a big demand, it says, for all descriptions of coal and it is "quite impossible for the pits to cope with the large number of orders on hand for medium descriptions."

LIKE A NEWS PLANT

Sir A. Keith Sees Analogy With Organization of Modern Newspaper Office

Sir Arthur Keith, Hunterian Professor at the Royal College of Surgeons in London, lecturing before that institution, said that advanced knowledge of the brain had swept away the old phrenological maps and replaced them with brain areas which could hardly be represented by surface drawings. Of those there were, he said, more than a hundred divided into major and minor areas, although there was still uncertainty as to the character of each.

"There is a degree of resemblance," he said, "between the organization of a newspaper office and that of the brain. Messages from various quarters flow in and, according to their nature, pass to departments devoted to foreign news, politics, commerce, sport, fashions, etc. Between the time messages are received and the time they are passed to 'expression' in the hands of the printer, much staff work has to be done. The news may be old, or libelous, or uninteresting, it has to be examined, formulated and arranged, some parts of the staff must think of the policy of the journal and make provision for future issues."

He added that the organization in the human brain was apparently of a similar kind. The remarkable thing in the evolution of the animal brain was that it was not the staffs which handled the messages and which saw to the printing of the news that had increased, the changes which had come about concerned the 'editorial staff.' It had kept on growing until in the human brain it had become enormous. In the lowest mammals the cortex of the brain was made up almost entirely of the staffs which handled the messages and the men who ran the printing machines. As the brain was followed upward in its course of evolution, these primary groups became pushed aside and separated more and more by "staff" cortex until in the brain of man the "staff" areas completely overshadowed the original members.

SOVIET CHEAP OIL DISTURBS MOTOR TRADE

British Combine Succeeds in Eliminating Russian Competition and Raises Prices to Ensure Profit

INDUSTRY DECLARES RUINATION CERTAIN

Increased Cost of Gasoline Sure to Put Many Cars Out of Operation and Demoralize Business

ALREADY harassed by the rising tide against Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary, the Conservative Government now finds itself facing a new cloudburst—the oil combine's settlement with the Soviet petroleum distributors and the consequent increase in the price of gasoline by five cents a gallon.

Suave politicians trying to pour oil on the troubled sea of politics only stir it to greater unrest, for motorists and the automobile industry alike are joining in an endeavor to force the Government to meet the increased price of fuel by lowering automotive taxation—both on cars and gasoline—with the plea that further operative costs threaten to kill the British automobile industry.

All sorts of charges and counter-charges are being made on both sides. While the motorists are asserting that the increased price of gasoline will result in giving up cars, and the allies of the automobile industry are predicting that production must be cut down, the supporters of the oil combine are replying that previously it had not made a profit because it was competing with lower-priced Soviet petroleum. Even the ultra-Conservative Morning Post is making little effort to defend the increased cost of gasoline.

Two explanations of the oil combine's action are being talked about in the lobbies of Parliament. The first is that it desired to frustrate the recently reported intention of Winston Churchill to increase the petroleum tax. The other, and more plausible, is that a combination of all interests is necessary to reduce the large costs of distribution. All kinds of dark things are being hinted concerning the methods of the distributors' organization.

QUESTION RAISED BY KING'S ILLNESS

Constitution Precedent Sought in Case of General Election and His Majesty Not Convalesced

The unusual constitutional situation which would arise in Great Britain if King George did not recover from his illness by the time of the general election expected in June, is receiving the attention of the British Government.

The Council of State, over which Queen Mary presides, has power to act for the King in matters except the bestowal of honors. But it is not clear whether the council's powers include the right to appoint a new Prime Minister. Presumably, if Stanley Baldwin and the Conservative party fail at the polls, either Ramsay MacDonald, heading the Laborites, or David Lloyd George, Liberal leader, would be invited to form a Government.

King George has taken this task seriously, and the position, should the King still be ill, might be a delicate one.

There would be no difficulty about the actual opening of Parliament, as the delivery of the "King's Speech," prepared by the Prime Minister and his colleagues, can easily be delegated to a royal commission of five persons.

In political circles it is believed that the King, if he is in London but not completely recovered in health, will revive another ancient custom and attend the House of Lords personally, allowing the Lord Chancellor to read the Speech from the Throne in his presence.

TONIC DANCING

Director of English Folk Dancing Stresses of Advantages of Exercise

Mr Douglas Kennedy, director of the English Folk Dancing Society, thinks women more adapted for dancing than men, and that grace of movement comes more naturally to women. In giving this opinion at a Soroptimist Club luncheon in London, Mr Kennedy recommended folk dancing to women seeking poise—mental, physical and emotional. The form of folk dance most suitable for women is the country dance. The physical effect is like the result of intensive walking over hilly country. It gives a springy step and a clear eye and the head is carried high while the shoulders swing free. Country dancing, he concluded, had a wonderful mental tonic effect, and the moral effect of it was to make people become "nicer."

Roof-Climbing Contests Intrigue University Men

YOUNG men become famous at Oxford and Cambridge Universities by becoming scholars, athletes, or roof-climbers. Roof-climbing is an established, if not somewhat furtive sport which is indulged in only on nights that are dry and moonless, for the moss-covered old buildings are slippery in wet weather, and there are heavy penalties for being caught. There is talk of challenging the ancient rival, Oxford, for intervarsity roof-climbing honors. Great feats of past Cambridge roof-climbers are being recalled, the most terrifying of all being the ascent of the spires of King's College chapel, which rise to a height of nearly 200 feet. To the layman there seems absolutely no possible method of ascent. This climb has been performed only twice. The second ascent was made alone by a present fellow of Magdalen College.

CITY MENACED BY GUNMEN

Gang of Twenty "Ghosts" Threaten Dublin's Administration of Justice by Intimidating Jurors

WORKING FOR SOME TIME UNDERGROUND

The shadow of the gunman is over Dublin again. It should be understood that there is no popular rising against the Irish Free State Government and there is only a handful of theorists who are operating with the object of influencing the course of justice. They seek to terrorize juries in order to prevent the conviction of their associates who had been captured for robberies, shootings and other offences.

Styling themselves "The Ghosts," they have been operating "underground" for some time past, without much effect, but in recent months they have become emboldened by their success in escaping arrest and have increased their activities. The Free State police and the civic guards, although they have had their suspicions, have not been able to find any direct evidence against either the ringleaders or their associates.

The output of threatening documents from the secret press of "The Ghosts" has increased in recent months. They have pilloried as well as threatened firms which displayed the Union Jack when Colonel Fitzmaurice returned from the transatlantic flight and again on Armistice Day. They have published the names of jurors who have convicted notorious gunmen, with the suggestion that these jurors were traitors and that the country would be well rid of them. They have kept up a constant stream of menacing documents to all Free State Ministers, to the judges who tried the criminal cases and to the State prosecutors. They have even threatened their wives.

NEW PEARL FISHERY

Oyster Beds Thirty Square Miles in Area Discovered on Ceylon Coast

An extensive new pearling area has been opened up near Marichchukkaddi, a well-known fishery camp in Ceylon. A survey of the area was recently made by Commander Pawsey, the Marine Superintendent of the Government Fisheries Department.

The divers could not work accurately owing to the sediment and the colored sky. When the weather got very bad, dredging was carried out over the area as on previous occasions.

A small number of oysters were washed and searched, and the pearls brought back to Colombo. During a preliminary survey, it was estimated that about thirty square miles of oyster beds were present on the Northern Paars. The inspection is regarded here as a successful one, and its results show that there are at least 100,000,000 oysters in the area in question.

The survey vessel will shortly be leaving again for the Pearl Banks. This next inspection will be on a large scale, and will report in full detail upon the exact prospects of the proposed fishery.

Ceylon is famous for its pearl banks, situated in the Gulf of Mannar, which are probably the most famous pearl fishing grounds in history. Pliny refers to Taprobane (Ceylon) as "the most productive of pearls in all parts of the world." Pearl oysters occur most abundantly on rocky "paars" in five to nine fathoms of water.

Wireless Photography

Preparations are being made by the Postmaster-General's Department, Sydney for the introduction in Australia for wireless photography. It is planned to begin by establishing the system between Sydney and Melbourne, and, if business warrants, to extend it to the other state capitals.

FOX HUNTERS CAUSE LOSSES TO FARMERS

Annual Loss to British Poultrymen Amounts to Over $1,000,000,000, Meeting of Raisers Is Told

WASTE CAUSED BY ANIMALS IS HUGE

Destruction of Vermin Except by Approved Social Methods Opposed and Compensation Disputed

AT a meeting between the National Poultry Council and the masters of Foxhounds Association in London recently it was claimed that, but for the artificial preservation of foxes, the sum of $239,000,000 which was paid for foreign eggs between 1901 and 1928 might have been earned by British poultry raisers and remained at home.

Dr Edward Brown, spokesman for the poultry raisers, stated that the economic loss to England as a result of encouraging the raising of foxes in order that they may be hunted, can only be described as appalling.

The destruction of these animals except in the approved manner, with hounds and horsemen, is strongly opposed in Britain and strong social pressure is used in order to maintain this "sport" in its present condition.

Foxes in England have multiplied to such an extent that poultry raisers are facing tremendous losses, and while the hunt associations maintain funds which are supposed to reimburse farmers and poultry raisers for such losses, Dr. Brown declared that claims are in many cases ignored or delayed, and that some hunts only recompense farmers over whose land they ride, which cuts off poultry specialists from indemnity. Poultry raisers have to buy expensive fencing if they desire to protect their chickens.

TEA AND COFFEE DRINKING BLAMED

President of Medical Women's Federation of England Speaks of Drug Addiction

"We have seen too frequently reports of suicides or deaths of able, clever young women who have, in a life of excitement, become addicts to some form of drug," said Dr Catherine Chisholm, president of the Medical Women's Federation of England, speaking in London at a meeting of the Society for the Study of Inebriety on "Alcohol and Drug Addiction in Relation to Women and Children." She began by a warning to the thousands of women who drink tea or coffee on every possible occasion.

"The stimulating effect of tea or coffee drinking," she said, "becomes such a habit among women that in many homes no meal is complete without tea or coffee."

One of the sources of the drug-taking habit was taking drugs under medical advice to relieve pain and to give sleep. Persons most susceptible were those of the highly developed nervous type often the professional women—nurses, physicians or dentists—who have access to drugs and frequently work under stress, or actresses, society women, or professional women of the underworld. They became drug addicts to morphine or cocaine. Once the habit is contracted, it was exceptionally difficult for women to recover.

The number of cases had apparently increased, especially among younger women. This was not surprising, she said, for the greater freedom of women's lives nowadays made it easier to obtain drugs.

LOCATING HERRING

Wartime Submarine Finder Now Used for Spotting Shoals of Fish

The echo-sounding apparatus used during the World War in locating submarines is now being utilised for the more pacific purpose of locating schools of herring. Rear Admiral H. P. Douglas, hydrographer of the British Navy, described to members of the Royal Geographical Society the improved apparatus which already has been fitted to fifteen trawlers and proved its value.

WOMEN HIRE CHILDREN

Widows' "mites" may stir the heart, but they do not always ring true. A Manchester detective reveals that children who cling to women's skirts at the police court are usually hired for the occasion in order to arouse the sympathy of the court. "Hiring" and borrowing babies for police court appearances is becoming a lucrative trade in certain sections of England. For a small fee, he said, it is possible for any one to hire from one to five babies at a time.

Lightning— by Wilbur Daniel Steele

Author of "Meat," etc.

BUT how in the world did you ever come to take me for Lester? That's what gets me. Yes, I know you ain't seen either of us for three years, and taking into account how much we favor each other it'd be natural enough if you wasn't to be just sure which one of us it was. Coming on me suddenly this way, sitting by a mountain shack a hundred miles from nowhere, you might well've hesitated. But there's the point: you never did. No, there you come around the corner, give me one look, hold out your hand as if before you thought, and, "Why, good heavens! Hullo, Lester!" says you. "Where's John?"

And all the while, me John!

Well, then, you say, where's Lester? Well, Lester's all right. Look here, I know you, and I'd trust you with my last cent. Only you know how things go. And they might still get Lester for that, I s'pose. The law's that way. The law would never take into account that no fatal harm ever come to no one through it (as it turns out—oh, yes, I've heard) —no more'n it'd take into account that Lester is—well—different. No, let's leave Lester where he is, if it's all the same to you.

But your taking me for him, without so much as a quiver; that's the queer thing. You never mistook us in the old days, nor anyone else. Why, anybody in town could've said in a wink this one's Lester or this one's John. How could they? You know better'n I do. And yet they do say that no matter how much twins favor each other, yet if you're used to 'em there's something different.

A Difference

ONLY look here. I can say it where another couldn't. You know as well as I do that there was a difference between Lester and me. As a boy I was stronger'n Lester. If there was a kite in a tree, I was the one to climb the tree. If we had to go anywhere after dark, I went first. Or when it came to making a living I was the one to undertake it. Mind, I ain't complaining. I was glad to do it.

You never knew why Lester was scared of lightning, did you? But you knew he was. Yes, for I remember 'twas you and Tom Lake come with me that night the herring factory was struck and we found Lester jammed so tight under the woodshed floor, to home, we had to pry off a plank to get him clear.

Course, I always knew he was scared of lightning. Many and many's the night I been waked by a tempest to find Lester in bed with me, and the touch of him cold as ice. I remember seeing him there by the flashes, sitting bolt up and his eyes staring open. And every time it came he'd beg me to look—look all around—look. Look at what? Couldn't say. Only look! "D'ye see anything, John? Not anything 't all?"

He made me feel queer enough, I can tell you, with that high-pitched, unnatural voice.

Well, one time he told me. It was a Sunday afternoon, and we was lying on the beach looking at the clouds. Once in a long while it come like that. It's hard to explain. I don't know's you'd understand anyway; you never was born twin with another. But, sometimes, when everything was dead quiet and nobody about and nothing to do, a funny kind of a dreamy softnesslike use to come over us; it was 's if all I want to do was to take hold of Lester's hand and lay there and kind o' forget. And if I had a secret, or if Lester had a secret—did you ever see the mist coming off the ground of an early morning—that easy? Oh, doggone it, I don't know how to—it just sounds foolish. But anyway—

Scared of Lightning

WELL, anyway, Lester told me why he was scared of lightning. It wasn't he was scared of being struck. No, he says he even wish sometimes he could be. It was something else. As far as he could make out it must've been some dream he'd had, several times, he thought likely. He was in the dark, trying to get somewheres, creeping on his hands and knees. There come a stroke of lightning that run right down through his body like an ice-cold flame. And just then, right before him on the ground, he seen the face of a woman. He seen her there where he could've touched her with his hand, and her eyes was wide open, staring at him—dead —dead as a doornail.

He wasn't himself, you'll just have to understand that. Maybe it's the electricity in the air. Maybe it's something else. I've read something in a book since I was here, and I've got to thinking maybe 'twas something come down to him—something our ma might possibly have got scared by before me and Lester was born. That happens.

But in that case, you'll say, why wasn't I burned with the same iron? Well, there you are. I been reading and all that business is queer enough, if you only knew it. You can only say that when me and Lester divided up, that was one of the things that went into his share. And what a share! Dear me!

Insane Terror

WHEN he came running to me in the tempest that evening—you know the evening I mean—and tell me what had happened (what he thought had happened), it seemed to me the world had ended for us two. I don't need to go over it again, that "crime" of Lester's. You know it as well's I do; you know's well's I do he wasn't a responsible creature that night, and as far as I'm concerned that's enough.

But he was like a kid, too horror-struck and remorseful to do for himself. He was pitiful. I told him I'd take care of him. We had a good house and a nice piece of land, remember it shining now in the light where the moon come through the cloud, going over into the pine grass behind of White's. Everything I had in the world but my brother went with that key.

I told Lester to come, and we started down across the bog toward the "Y." We was unlucky, though. We met Ellis—Constable Ellis. He squinted at us, and you could see the old man didn't know what to do. When we'd passed him, he turned and commenced to follow. We ran. Lester was crying, he was so nervous, and I was at my wit's end, I tell you that.

The freight was at the "Y," same's I thought, but seeing Ellis was on our trail we didn't stop. We walked and we run all the way to the Junction that night, getting there about four in the morning. It was still quite dark, and we had no trouble stowing away in an empty box car.

That box car landed us in the hills here after two days and nights (and thank God it wasn't more) without a drop of water or a grain of food. Lester seem to suffer from it. I honestly don't remember a pang of hunger or thirst myself, but it seem's if Lester's would kill me. It seem's if his horror and hopelessness was more'n I could bear, I was that worked up over it all. Even about his "crime." It wasn't his; it was my own; we'd both done it. I tell you it was just the same as if was them times when we lay watching the clouds together; same's if all the time was washed out, back to the time we was unborn babes, and both in the same boat, so to speak.

A Mountain Town

WELL, the first thing we done when he got clear of that box car was walk into a strange mountain town and buy dinner at a bakery. We set at a table in the rear, eating buns and drinking coffee, one cup after another. We looked bad enough, I guess, with our faces pinched up white and a three day's growth on 'em, and our clothes dusty and bagged. It was hot in that bakery; there was a swarm of flies on everything, and the milk in the coffee was turned a mite, but I tell you, what with the food, the relief, and the newness of all the sights, it was as good as a banquet in the Adams House.

"Now," I says to Lester, "we're all right. Look here. We start from today. We was born today, Lester, and life's all ahead of us. See?"

A pink spot come in his cheek; he give me a funny look, half scared, half hoping, and his coffee slopped, his hand was shaking so.

"Is that right?" says he. "Honest, do you believe that, John?"

"Sure!" says I as bold as brass. After a minute the pink went out of his cheeks and he gave my foot a nudge with his.

"I wish that girl'd quit watching us so," says he under his breath. "She's done nothing else ever since we come in here."

"She'd gone from the counter when I got a chance to look. She was back directly, though, and a couple of customers with her—customers, I noticed, that didn't buy. Within five minutes there was a dozen people in that little bakery and if one went out two come in.

Lester began scratching his wrist. You could always tell when he was getting nervous, the way he always scratched his wrist.

"For pity's sake," says he, "let's pay and get out of here!"

Close as an Oven

"DON'T you mind,' says I. All the same it seems to me the place had got as close as an oven. One man come in and give us a long look and walked out at a brisk rate, and I could've swore he had a badge on underneath his coat. Lester wouldn't leave me be.

"It's nothing, nothing," I tell you. I wished I could believe it. The air of them people set me thinking. If Constable Ellis had traced us to the Junction, it was perfectly possible for him to have found out where every car in that freight was billed to. And there's always the telegraph.

"The flies are bad here," I says to Lester. "If you're done we might's well move along." And I call the girl and paid.

"Is that right?" I asked her in a sharp way, for in place of looking at the money she kept her eyes going from one to the other of us, her mouth half open and her face as red as a beet.

"Count it," says I. But she never. And I didn't trouble to ask her again. Just that minute I hear someone coming into the door behind me, and my heart stopped beating. You know the way Ellis walks, from that bad leg of his. Well, it may not've been the least like it, but I never turned to look. I took Lester by the elbow and I says, "Come on quiet," and I walk him straight away through the bake room and out the back door. I never stopped to think; never stopped to reckon out what chance in a thousand there was of old Ellis turning up in the flesh in that little out-of-the-way village in the mountains; no sooner'd we got into the sunlight outside that door than I just started out to run, dragging Lester with me. And I had to drag him, too.

"No," he keep saying. "Th'ain't no use, John; no use, no use."

"You never mind about the use," I kept telling him.

Woman Hoeing Potatoes

I DON'T know. There was a fence and a big dump of empty cans, and there was a woman hoeing potatoes in a back yard. She had on a grey-and-white check, and she showed against a line of clothes with one bright-red shirt amongst a lot of white ones. It's funny how that sticks in my mind. The only other thing I remember seeing was a mountain covered with woods, standing up against the sky in front of us, and then all of a sudden a smell of corn growing and a rustle breaking around us like tide-rips. That's where we come, into a field of it, along the foot of the mountain.

"Lay down," I says to Lester when we'd come a dozen rows or so.

Th'aint no use, he kept it up, without any life in his voice. I'm going back and have it over with, John."

"You go back, Lester," says I, "and I'll kill myself."

He laid down beside me.

By and by Lester begin to talk. He laid with his hands behind his head and his eyes staring up at the corn leaves. His whole life come out. He was no good, he says, and he knew it. He had queer ideas and imaginings that scared him, and it wasn't alone in time of tempest any more.

Monotonous and Dreamy

I CAN hear him going on, monotonous and dreamy, letting it all come out under the green corn rows. He knew he wasn't the same as others, and he couldn't keep his mind off his queerness. He said he had a terrible drawing toward women—not any one woman—just women. Yet he was scared of them. He was scared to be left alone in the dark with a woman or a girl for fear he'd find her dead. That was what seem to get in the way of everything he undertook. So he might's well be dead himself; better, he says, for then he wouldn't be a drag on me no longer, nor a shame nor a torment to himself.

With that I hitch up and put an arm around his shoulders, good and tight, and, "Now it's my turn to talk," says I.

"All this' you been telling me is a lie," I says.

"No," says he, it's every word the truth."

"No," says I, "it's a lie. For it's all just in your mind, and it's wrong. And what's just in your mind, Lester, and wrong, that's a lie. And I won't have it. I won't stand for it, Lester; not in a brother of mine. Now—do you hear what I say? Look here. No, in the eye. I'm stronger'n you, I'm steadier'n you, I'm braver'n you. Not what you say, but what I say, is what goes. Get that? Well, it's a lie, and I won't have it. Right here and now I declare war on it, from this identical minute I take sides—with you—and against that—lie. I take responsibility for you. What strength I got is yours—yours—understand? I give you everything I got, soul and body. There!"

Queer as a Loon

YOU know, if either of us'd thought of it, I sounded as queer as a loon myself. I was trying so hard to make Lester believe me that I believed myself. I was blowing like a beached haddock when I got through, and so was he.

"You hear what I say?" I give him a hard shake. "I say that that—thing has gone and got out of you—now—from now on!"

The same look come into his face that I'd seen in the bakery—hoping, yet scared to hope.

"You—you think so?"

"I don't think so; I know so."

"Honest?"

"Honest!"

Poor Lester! It seem's if I could've killed anybody that undertook to spoil that hope in his face. I seen him roll onto an elbow and turn an ear.

"What's that?" says he in a second.

I was tired—tired to death.

"Nothing," says I. Nothing but some dog barking somewheres."

"No, but hark!"

Well, I had to listen. By and by it come to me there was more dogs'n one, and that they wasn't barking like farm dogs. They was baying. Same as you'll hear the surf way off on an outside beach; that's how I heard a threshing at the edge of the cornfield, and men's voices.

"Well," I says quiet, "I guess we'll go."

Lester looked at me and I at him, eye for eye. He'd gone deathly white.

"Lester," said I, "you remember what I told you?"

Towards the Mountain

HE give me no answer, and when I got up and walked off along the row making toward the mountain side, he followed, stooping same's I did, close behind. The sound of the dogs and men seem to grow louder. It had got hot there under the corn; my tongue was dry and sweat run down into my eyes. And the darkness that come was surprising. I started to run, but Lester had hold of me.

"John!" he beg me. "John for pity's sake!"

"Be quiet, Lester." I shook off his hand. "You just stick with me and you'll be all right. They won't catch us."

He had hold of me again, nor he wouldn't leave go.

"But—John!"

With that I seen what he meant. There come a flash, and then beyond the men and dogs there come another sound rolling up all along the valley—thunder. That sudden darkness was a tempest cloud.

I had to stop. Even with them dogs coming, I had to take a minute's time. The only thing I could think to do was slap his face. I wish you could've seen the expression that come into his eyes—like relief. Yes, sir, like relief.

"Didn't I tell you," says I, "that I'd taken that all onto me?"

His look was so funny I had to clap him on the back.

"Lester, you'll live to laugh at all this some day. Now come on."

We come out of the corn and into the free air underneath the trees where the mountain went up. I peeked through the trees and I seen the men coming across the field. Just their heads showing, like they was swimming in the corn. All behind 'em across the valley it was dark, what with that cloud and the dusk making.

Dead Blind Dark

NIGHT come fast then. We hadn't gone much over a hundred yards, climbing up amongst the roots and mass and stones, before it come on dead blind dark.

Now le'me tell you it was strange and it was awful. It was strange because the rain wouldn't come. I never seen rain hang off so long after thunder, and I tell you I'd a hundred times rather have it pour down buckets than like it was, still as death between the bolts and hard and dry and airless. And that lightning!

I'd never minded lightning. But I wonder if you ever been under thick woods in a flash of lightning. Well, it's queer enough. All the streaks and shadows take a dart as the light passes over, and you see 'em jump at you.

But what was queerer was Lester. Lester seem to know when they was coming and he seem to know just where I was, too, for each time, when I seen him, he was standing stock-still with his eyes glued on me. I tell you it was ghostly. For though his face was white, yet there wasn't no more expression on it than you'd find on a stone. And his mouth tight shut.

He made me nervous. I hailed him in one of the flashes.

"Lester," says I, "can't you believe me—it's all right?"

If he changed expression I can't say, for it was dark again, and if he answered me the thunder drowned it out. Anyhow, for some reason 'r other, I got more and more nervous. I turn and start to walk toward where I'd seen him.

We wasn't climbing just then, but'd come to a small level space, a kind of a pocket-like about ten yards across set sparsely with these here thin white trunks of quaking asp. I'll see 'em quake in the lightning till the day of my death.

Like Fireflies

IT was funny, but we hadn't heard the dogs for the past three or four minutes. It wasn't that the party had given up, for every now and then we'd see lanterns weaving here and there through the leaves downhill, back and fourth like fireflies over a marsh. But the dogs had gone quiet. Perhaps it was the thunder scared 'em. I don't know.

But as I went groping across the glade to try and put a hand on Lester I seen one of them. I'll call that the first flash. It come blind white for a second. It was all over the

I remember seeing him there by the flashes, sitting bolt up and his eyes staring open.

sky at once, so there wasn't any shadows, just that smooth, staring white. And there, not three yards away from me, stands that dog. He may've been brown, but in the lightning he looked grey, grizzle-grey; a big dog with droping ears and jowls, perfectly motionless, looking to the right of me. And all around us them pale, thin trees.

Ever believe a man's hair could actually stand on end? Mine did; I know that for a fact. I was so scared of that dog I could've died. And yet I was so set in my ideas that my one thought was, "He's after Lester. Lester's beside me: that dog's seen him: he'll get him." And as the dark come down and the thunder with it I took one long jump at that dog—or at where he had been. Black? By heavens, it was black. And scared? If I'd ever got him, what I'd ever done I don't know.

Just Faded Out

I NEVER got him. He just'd faded out. And there was I blundering around, stone blind, sweeping my hands every which way and trying to call to Lester to run. Branches hit me, stones give under my feet. I trip on something and down I come with my arms over the trunk of a fallen tree. And then the lightning.

I'll call that the second flash. It was by far the longest of the three, or maybe there was more bolts'n one. If that's so, then the last must've struck close by. I seen Lester first. He stood about a rod away, looking down at me where I laid with my chest on the log. It couldn't been a second but it seemed ten. His face was the same as I'd seen it before, just seem to have nothing in it at all, no color, no expression. And in his eyes was the strangest look like a sleepwalker. It was so queer I couldn't face it. I drop my eyes.

There was a flicker of dimness and then a stronger glow than ever; one big cold stroke that lifted the skin away from the flesh and kept it there. And I'll tell you what I seen as I stared down at the ground. From the other side of the tree trunk from the long weedy grass that made a kind of shadow under it, I seen a woman looking at me.

I seen that. There's no dream nor anything about it. While that flash lasted that woman looked up at me with wide, egg-shape eyes. Her mouth was open a little, as if with surprise. She had on a gingham dress with a tight little ruffle of white around the throat; her hair was drawn back from the forehead, and her cheeks was a kind of transparent bluish white. recall every detail. I'll remember it till I die.

Dead or Crazy

IT was dark. I got my heands on the log and pushed backward and got onto my feet. Then I turn and walked away. I walked. That's strange. But I remember saying to myself I mustn't on any account try and run. Why? I don't know. It cross my mind that that sight must have done for Lester for good and all; he must be either dead or raving crazy by this time now. For the minute it didn't seem to matter much; though I would've like to've heard his voice. The main thing was to keep from running. And the other main thing was that that lightning must not come again.

I'll tell you what. It seem to me if it lightened again I'd just let out one scream and go raving crazy myself. I waited for it. I couldn't wait. I run. That gully was so full of things in the dark I couldn't go two steps without hitting something; trees knocked me, branches cut me, thorns caught me. And all the while it keep hammering in my head: It's coming!

I begin to call for Lester out loud, caring for neither dogs nor men.

"Lester!" I yelled. "This way!"

I stood still to listen. I wanted to hear his voice. Or anybody's voice at all. It was quiet as the grave. And standing still so, all the strength went out of my knees of a sudden and they doubled under me and I sat down.

Something went through me. Starting with my ankles, something like a cold wind seem to pour up my legs and right away up my spine. And I hadn't the time to say it, "Here she comes!"

Face of the Dead

IT come white. I was sitting on a tree trunk. There was my feet in long, weedy grass. I knew I couldn't shut my eyes. From right between my feet that woman looked at me with them wide, dead, egg-shape eyes.

And that time the cloud parted and the rain come down.

I don't know how I got away from there, I swear I don't, nor where I went, nor how long a time it was. I only know I was drowned with water and deaf with the roar of it through the leaves. All I know is something hit me on the forehead, a branch, I guess, and down I went without a sense left.

I couldn't've laid there long, yet when I come to again the rain was gone and the sky full of stars. I was in a road. 'Twasn't much of a road, hardly more'n a pair of wheel tracks, but it was clear. I started to walk along it the way I happen to be facing.

In a minute I seen a light ahead of me. I never worried myself what kind of a light it was; I went for that light. When I come up to within a few rods of the doorway that give it, I seen somebody coming toward me. It was my brother Lester.

I couldn't say so much's a word. I stood and waited till he come and looked at me. He give a sigh.

"Thank heavens!" says he. "I was beginning to worry, John. Another ten minutes I should've set out to look for you."

He slap me on the shoulder and laughed. I wouldn't have known him, somehow.

"Hungry?" says he. "I bet a cent you're hungry. You hit the right place, John, old boy, don't worry. There's a woman here fries bacon, and she's got a tub of coffee on the stove. Come along."

"Come along!" says he again, seeing I never moved. I tell you I didn't feel like moving for a cent. I couldn't make him out.

"Didn't you see it?" I managed to say at last.

"See it?" He give a laugh. "I guess I did. Say, some dog! Some dog! I thought sure for a minute he was going to get you, John."

"Dog!" says I. "Dog! I don't mean the dog. I mean—didn't you see the face? In the lightning? The face of that—that—that dead woman?"

He look at me for a minute, and it seems to me he was kind of embarrassed. He put his arm around my shoulders and started walking toward the lighted door.

"No," says he in a queer, sober voice. "I never seen it this time, John. And what's the funniest part, I wasn't once scared of being—being just going to see it, either. I been thinking. You know, John, old boy, I almost believe—talking the way you did, and acting like' you did—I'll be darned if I believe you didn't cure me."

I couldn't help it; he seem like a stranger. And I as dumb, all the while, as dumb.

"No," says he, "somehow or other I seem to get ahold of myself after what you said—and even more the way you says it.

That minute we got to the doorstep, and out come a woman to stand on the sill, in the light.

"Sakes," says she to Lester, "I'm glad you warned me, or else I'd think I was beginning to see double in my old age." She put her hands on her hips, throw her head back, and give a little laugh.

Her voice die off and I seen her eyes'd shifted beyond us.

"There they come now," she says.

I look around and seen a crowd of lanterns coming up the road, and I hear a whining of dogs.

"Well?" says she.

"Well?" says Lester, almost like he was mocking her.

I don't know what he'd told her, or who she thought we was, but anyway she was ill at her ease.

"Well," says she, flushing redder and redder and still looking at my brother, "I tell you, why don't you boys just clear out and wait a spell? Right there to the left in the brush you'll find a path leading up the spring. It's quiet there and out of the way. I tell you, frankly, these folks is all right; still, they never been crazy about strangers hereabouts.

She followed us, though, and come a few steps into the dark. And still it was Lester she looked at, and Lester she spoke to?"

"Sure, we'll be back," says he, and give her a long look.

"Remember?" says she.

I mistrusted her, somehow. When we come to the spring I was all for playing it safe and going on while we could. I told Lester I didn't like the look of it: it had too much the look of a trap for me. It was funny; I was the timid one that time, and Lester was the bold.

"No," says he, shaking his head hard. "She's all right."

"All right, or all wrong I wouldn't take a chance," says I.

When the woman called in the dark, I stayed where I was, but Lester went. And he was right.

No, he ain't around here now. He's married now and gone a good ways from these parts, and doing well, I hear; surprising well, for Lester.

hat the Mighty Whale and the Microscopic Rotifer Can Do For Us

ientists Engage in a arch for the Secret of oby Dick's Breathing nder Water That the es of Sailors in ken Submarines y Be Saved

OUR COUSIN. At Left, Microscopically Enlarged, a Rotifer Which, Though Tiny as a Pin-head, Is a True Animal.

SUBMARINE RESCUE. By Studying Whales Science Hopes to Learn Secrets That May Enable Men Trapped in Submarines to Survive Lack of Oxygen.

hem thyself, presume not
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piece of famous doggerel written by Alexander Pope. part about God, which is own invention. The part which is sensible, he stole tes without saying "thank

r study of mankind is man to study a man thoroughly ry to learn all our cats, also ntries and his cousins and also his ancestors. discovered long ago the close al kinship which estate be man mammal and other ani-

we like it or not, monkeys, s, camels and tigers and e lambs—in fact the whole eep and barnyard—are our ewise in many cases our

tho most amazing and use- science has discovered about come from experimenting ts, guinea pigs, dogs and

e whole of bacteriology is experiments made not direct- an beings, but on animals d reactions are similar.

the first time, science is rry these experiments a step having gained an immense knowledge from the beasts nble us very closely. It pur- ers more by making a study cousins like Moby Dick—

whale, biggest of all living and the tiny microscopic ich is the smallest animal t to us.

ale, which is an enormous ten a hundred feet long and hree or four hundred tons, annual and our blood cousin. live on land as we do. It is l and suckles its babies. It nd breathes as we do. The flippers are amazingly like of a human hand.

er, which is so tiny that you y see him at all with the so small that fifty of them in procession holding onto r tails would make a parade an inch long, is also close He is a real, and somewhat ke animal, with eyes and a a brain and complicated in- ns

has become interested in rotifers, separately, because ere a secret, a power which f astounding and revolution- of man could learn it and h himself.

ase of the whale, it is the survive under water for sev- without breathing

ase of the rotifer, it is the power to live completely buried, with all animation suspended and then, after months, to revive completely—a power almost akin to dying, being mummified and then restored to life.

The study of the whale, to discover how he lives under water, is being directed by the famous anatomist, Dr Brazier Howell, of Johns Hopkins University. The whale has no gills such as a fish has. While it is under water, otherwise for more than an hour at a time, it simply does not breathe. What kills a human being when he stops breathing is the carbon dioxide generated in his blood. The oxygen which he takes into his lungs by breathing destroys this poison. What happens in the case of the whale, Dr Howell has already discovered, is that some chemical adjustment takes place in the whale's body which makes it possible for him to consume or dispose of this carbon dioxide poison. Dr Howell hopes that science may be able to reproduce this condition in the human body.

Whales are somewhat unwieldy, so purposes which have the same power to a lesser degree, are also being studied. The problem, and the possible practical uses which may result from its solution, involve also the power of the small to resist pressure at great depths. Data on this latter subject may be of vital use to crews trapped in submarines, and also in helping divers avoid the disastrous effects of caisson disease, the malady that afflicts submarine workers under high pressure when working caissons and diving bells.

Dr. Howell is trying to discover not only how the whale disposes of the carbon dioxide given off by the body through the lungs during periods of long submersion, but also how the mechanism of the lungs operates during the periods when no air comes in from the outside; and how blood pressure and pressure of the spinal fluid the muscular adjustments are made to meet conditions below the surface of the sea.

In England, Dr. W P Pycraft, famous author of "The Infancy of Animals," is also engaged in a study of secrets connected with the breathing of whales and has already made some interesting supplementary discoveries. He has discovered for instance, that it is impossible for a whale to sleep while submerged. If the whale went to sleep, its lungs would begin to operate, seeking to draw in air through its nostrils and it would strangle, wake up, or drown. He has discovered that whales sleep entirely on the surface of the ocean.

"This is made possible," he says, "by the fact that the nostrils are placed on the top of the head, above the eyes and the position of the nostrils is a remarkable case of natural adjustment. Among land mammals, the nostrils are placed at the end of the snout. This is true even of the elephant's trunk, which is a long-drawn-out snout, though in some animals, like the hippopotamus, they open upward instead of forward. But here also we have an adaptation to aquatic life. The nostrils, eyes and ears are all set at one common level, the extreme upper surface of the head, so that the creature can lie submerged with nothing more than these important organs exposed. In the case of the whale they are on top of the head, and furthermore, they are continued backward in the form of a long tube to the roof of the skull, where they dip down to meet the top of the windpipe in the back of the throat.

"The singular position of the nostrils of the whale is accompanied by an even more remarkable modification whereby alone these animals are enabled to feed without being choked by the throng of water into the windpipe.

"The larynx, or upper end of the windpipe in the whale tribe, instead of connecting directly with the mouth, is thrust up in a long, tubular, bony passage into the skull, terminating in the spiracles or nostrils in the top of the head." And this passage runs behind the membranous wall forming the back of the mouth."

In other words the whale doesn't breathe through his mouth at all as human beings do, but only through his nostrils, which instead of letting air into the thorax cavity, connect by a tube directly with the lungs.

While Dr Pycraft is experimenting in England on mechanical devices which might be made to work similarly for a human being under water, Dr. Howell at Johns Hopkins is at work on the chemistry of the problem of how the whale disposes of its carbon dioxide poisons in the long periods when it isn't breathing at all.

If, either through mechanical appliances or chemistry, powers similar to those of the whale could be acquired for human beings, the results would be revolutionary. It is believed that these studies may have an effect on the treatment of pneumonia and tuberculosis.

Even more revolutionary, however, would be the discovery of the secret possessed alone by the tiny rotifer. If that were discovered—as it may be—a man who chose to do so, might be "put to sleep" now and "wake up" fifty years or two hundred years later and still be exactly the same age as he was when animation was suspended. It sounds absolutely fantastic, but so did electricity and the radio and television.

This power is possible for man, theoretically at least, because the little rotifer, which is his remote cousin, already has this power. It was discovered by Sir Arthur E Shipley in England. He found that in their natural state, in a damp atmosphere, or on the surface of the water, or clinging to moist plants, they live and move and have their being like any other animals, like bears, monkeys and human beings. But if their surroundings dry up, or if one of the tiny creatures is removed and placed upon a slide and allowed to dry, its movements will gradually slacken and presently cease entirely.

But now comes the astounding sequel: "In this dried-up condition, the animalculi may remain for many years without undergoing any visible change. If, however, they be gradually moistened with water, the steps the animal underwent when drying up are retraced. The grain of sand begins to swell, the wrinkles disappear and presently a plump, healthy little animal comes to life, the legs stretch out, it resumes its normal shape and blithely crawles away to resume its adventures."

Not all rotifers, by the way, possess this power. Those which do belong to a group called "bear animalculi" because the little creatures look somewhat like microscopic bear cubs. There are hundreds of other sorts of rotifers. Dr. Frank J Myers and Dr. Herman O. Mueller recently have installed in the American Museum of Natural History an extremely interesting exhibit of glass models, magnified, of thirty-three rotifers of various types.

ALSO KIN. The Whale Whose Head Is Shown at This Photo Is a Mammal Belonging to the Same Biological Family as Man. Scientists Are Now Studying Whales and Rotifers to Learn More About Human Physiology.

BEAR ANIMALCULI. The Most Highly Developed of the Rotifers. Above, Diagram of Head and Throat Showing Complicated Organs.

Always Flat

Unfortunately she had been told that she could sing. So the first opportunity saw her in the studio of a well-known teacher, undergoing an audition before arranging to take lessons.

The professor sat down and played a soft accompaniment while the ambitious young woman poured forth her choicest assortment of notes.

The test did not last very long. At its end the professor swung round on the music stool, and regarded the flushed performer wrathfully.

"Madame," he cried, "it is no good, no! Never had I heard such a voice, no! I play on der white keys, I play on der black keys, but always you sing in der cracks!"

Victims of Infantile Paralysis Regain Use of Limbs

FOR some soldiers who have been wounded and disabled the war is not over with the coming of an armistice or the signing of a peace treaty. Likewise epidemics sometimes are of short duration, but their aftermath brings problems which last for years.

When the infantile paralysis epidemic of 1916 subsided it left in its wake many crippled children and adults whose only hope for partial or complete recovery of the use of their limbs depended on expert medical attention and supervision and suitable and systematic exercises.

At the Post-Graduate Hospital, Twentieth Street and Second Avenue, New York, a department was opened expressly to provide such treatment in co-operation with what was then known as the Thursday Hospital Aftercare for Crippled Children, Inc., now known as the Morris Aron Organization for Crippled Children. A physiotherapy and massage clinic for children was established and has continued its work uninterruptedly since then. Every afternoon, except Saturday and Sunday, the clinic is open from 12:30 to 5 o'clock. There are fifty-six children registered at the present time and from twenty to twenty-five of them visit the clinic daily for treatment, massage and exercise calculated to restore muscles damaged by disease. In 1928 2,560 treatments were given.

The clinic treats not only children who have been victims of infantile paralysis—isolated cases as well as epidemic victims—but children crippled from other causes and whose condition yields to treatment and exercise which restores many of them and prevents their becoming permanently crippled and unable to earn their living. Girls of any age are admitted to the clinic and boys up to fourteen.

The cases are referred by physicians to the hospital. The original examinations are made in the hospital and cases admitted to the clinic upon the doctor's recommendations. Once a month the children are examined by one of the hospital's physicians. The Morris Aron organization is non-sectarian and Mrs. Morris Aron, of 12 East Eighty-sixth Street is its president. Its finances and operates the clinic. The hospital furnishes the quarters and simple equipment.

The organization provides two masseuses, Mrs. Emily C. Parley, who is in charge and has been at the Post-Graduate Hospital since 1916, and Mrs. Katherine M. Simpson. They care for the children and assist them in the prescribed exercises. In addition, the organization furnishes orthopaedic braces and shoes when needed, pays for transportation of the children to the hospital in buses and provides a day's outing from time to time.

Mrs. Parley told of a mother who, three years ago, brought her two-year-old boy to the clinic following infantile paralysis which had left him unable to sit up or stand. "There is my baby," wept the mother, placing him on the table; "he will never walk." The clinic physicians and workers with patience and persistence devoted themselves to bringing strength and movement into the atrophied muscles. After six months treatment the little boy was able to stand. He began to wear a brace when he was three years old and later discarded it—he could walk alone. "Not long ago," said Mrs. Parley, "the mother came in again with him and said, 'I want him to dance a Charleston for the ladies,' and he did."—N. Y. Times.

Compass Plant Aids Travelers When Lost in Desert

THERE grows on the prairies of Southwest America a strange plant that on many occasions is believed to have been the means of saving the lives of travelers lost in storms sweeping over the boundless lands. The plant, which was first brought to the attention of the scientific world by General Benjamin Alvord, is one of the most remarkable in the world. Known as the compass plant, it received its name from the strange property exhibited by its leaves of presenting their faces to the rising and setting sun. The compass plant is a perennial, and during its first year bears radical leaves only. In its second year it is a flowering herb, with four to five leaves measuring from twelve to thirty inches in length. It is found mainly on the rich prairies of the Mississippi Valley, and its peculiar powers were well known to hunters and settlers long before General Alvord discovered it. When lost on dark nights they would search for it, and, by feeling its leaves, obtain their bearings.

Polarized Light Has Effect on Drug Plants

EVIDENCE which may support the ancient belief of the effect of moonlight on drug plants has been presented to the American Chemical Society by Dr. David I. Macht and W. T. Anderson, of Baltimore. These two scientists have found that polarized light materially changes the character of many drugs, such as cocaine, quinine and the heart stimulant known as digitalis. Now it also happens that polarized light is especially plentiful in moonlight. Is it not possible that moonlight may actually affect the properties of medicinal plants? Although the two scientists did not touch upon this phase of the problem, it is quite possible that the ancients, by long experience learned that the effect of moonlight depends upon the time they are gathered. Many of the ancients insisted that medicinal plants, in order to be efficacious, should be gathered only during certain phases of the moon. Some plants were collected during the dark of the moon, while others were gathered when the moon was light. Relics of these ancient practices still survive in many parts of the world. They have been usually regarded as pure superstition.

Success is the back your friends think you have.

GIRL AHOY

By
JACK LAI

She Was a Nymph in a Canoe, and He—

"Good-bye, Barry. It seems a terrible, cowardly thing to do."

HER name was Lois Kayne. And she was a lovely thing to behold, and perhaps even lovelier to hold. But Lois had a way of her own. All ways and always she had a way of her own. Nobody could panic Lois—nobody could threaten, cajole, argue, love or reason Lois out of her own way.

She was a thing of all things—you never saw a girl as versatile and so accomplished; she played the piano exquisitely, she danced deliriously, she swam like a speckled brown, she wrote passable poetry, she had social personality, she wielded a wicked tennis racquet and she was a shark at bridge.

And man who didn't fall in love with Lois on first sight, fell on second sight. Whatever any man admired and desired in a frail, Lois had more of it than he had ever dreamed any girl could have of it. She was the most popular, pursued, hunted, wanted, proposed-at and pented-for girl you could imagine.

Lois didn't play hard-to-get. She didn't have to play it. She was the antithesis of man-crazy—except if you mean that men who tried to grab her off drove her crazy. She knew how to handle them, too. She was rarely harsh and never crude. She could register whatever effect she chose without recourse to loud talk or pronounced action. Lois was a girl of the world, a big-leaguer, a big-timer, a big-towner and a big shot.

When she met Barry Latiff, who also thought himself the last word in "appeal," Lois knew her stuff. They contacted at a week-end party in the home of Lois' divorced and remarried mother, who, fighting to keep and feel young, loved a houseful. At times the assemblage took on a heterogeneous aspect—maybe even a polyglot set-up. For Mrs. Kayne-Preters, wife of the American representative of a foreign monarchy, moved in circles that were international.

Within the Law

SOMETIMES mamma's movemente were not symetrically circular, but zig-zagged a trifle. For the mater was not averse to the red wine when it was good and red and the red-eye when it was red and good. For her husband had diplomatic privileges and it was all within the law. Maybe that was why she had married Serge Preters—there surely could be no more plausible explanation—if you knew Serge.

Lois wasn't exactly what you'd call goofy over her stepfather. But she ducked fusses when she could, and she was not her mother's keeper, though her mother was the trustee of a handsome inheritance estate that was to be Lois' when she became thirty-one. Meanwhile the girl indulged her mother in such diversions as seemed to tickle her impulses, including Serge, baccardi, two-cent bridge (which she played abominably), week-ending and canoeing.

Now, canoeing happened to be up Lois' alley. Since childhood she had reveled in all manner of water sports—Swimming, boating, surf-riding, fishing, all of them. She had been born in the Kayne Summer home on a roaring, rushing and rowdy river. She had tested its every potentially. She knew where the pools were, when the fish spawned, what sort of bait to use anywhere and any time, how to navigate the stream and how to make it take a joke when it was at its most roughneck and braggadocio stages.

Her own canoe, with her name on it, had been fashioned by the Indians on the nearby reservation. Shabby, shot-to-pieces and bleary as they had become, these children of what was once a wise and proud and predatory tribe, they still had enough Indian instinct in them to know nature and how to best it—all nature except human nature. Lois had learned much from the Algonquins. And she had taught them plenty in return. For a girl who had all the city graces, she was an amazing outdoor wow.

Metropolitan Snob

BARRY, just to be contrary, scarcely knew a cow from a goat, and took pride in that he was strictly a sidewalk product and didn't know how to swim, climb mountains, track animals, transact intercourse with Indians, or blaze trails. To him that wide-open-spaces business was a pain; he was a metropolitan snob. So he fell in love with Lois' city side. Only when he was invited to the country house did he find out that she was a pathfinder, deer-slayer and bearcat.

He tried to put his skyscraper and apartment-house propensities up to her in such a way as to make hem appear blase. But Lois knew as much about that angle as he did, too, so he didn't "create an impression." She was only sorry for him—that he was a half man; city-broke exclusively.

It was Lois, however, who invited Barry to a week-end. She rather liked him. And he was likeable. Handsome, cultured polished from rubbing against the sharp granite edges of town life, he was no dumbbell or hick. And if one didn't care to go in for the nature line out in the recreation retreat of the Kayne-Preters' menage, no one forced one. There was plenty of indoors—cards, ping pong, necking, dancing, drinking, sleeping, reading, radio-worshiping, or what have you that you crave? The lodge was a hangout for all sorts of folks. No one had to be athletic or aesthetic or anything else, once asked out. They could all write their own tickets.

Lois, just the same, divided her time and interests her own way. If it was too cold for tenderfeet to swim, that didn't stop her; if no one else could manage a craft in that maelstrom, she went alone. If Lois craved fish, she put on her dear old hipboots and went a-angling. Nobody had to do anything in that place. Hospitality was broad-minded.

Lois had her saddle horses. Usually Central Park-trained equestrians took her for a ride. She didn't laugh—out loud. Her horses understood her in nine languages. But she didn't make the to-be-stiff brokers and consuls and bankers and bluebookers feel their unimportance. She helped them unobstrusively and guided them over roads as soft as she could select.

Preferences and Predilection

THUS, since she interfered in nobody's choice of pastimes, she felt that she should be allowed her own preferences and predelections. But Barry, being by nature a general manager, thought she should stay around the house and entertain him. Though she had invited Barry, he was not her personal guest; it was her mother's house and her mother's home, and all gueste were free and equal.

Thus, when Barry declined a suggestion to go in swimming, because Spring was pretty early for him to risk a chill, Lois proceeded to skin into her one-piece jersey bathing suit nevertheless. He saw her coming across the veranda and he hailed her.

"I wish you wouldn't go in the water today, Lois," he argued. "I think it far too cool."

"Perhaps it is—for you. But I'm used to it."

"I can't see what pleasure you derive from it except to show off that you——"

Of all people, Lois Kayne was rarely accused of showing off, being a "beach-walker," as the term goes. She raised her eyes in a bit of surprise.

"Why, Barry!" she exclaimed. "Don't be like that. Do you mean I want to show off my hardiness, my overhand stroke, or my girlish lines?"

"I've seen demonstrations of all three, Lois. And they should be exhibited whenever reasonable. But I still think it is far too cool for water stuff today."

"Ta-te," chirped Lois. "I'll just take a running leap end see who's right."

"If you must be mulish, you lovely thing, I'll stroll to the beach with you."

"Better put on your coat, then—the wintry winds may whistle through that very becoming shirt."

"Go on with you. You are positively impudent and what you need is the sole of mother's slipper."

"Well, if you think you can apply it, chase me. I'll race you to the end of the pier. You give me from here to that tree, both starting at taw, and if you can lay your hand on me before I dive off, you win—I won't go in."

"Bet," he took her up. "Let's go."

Into the Air and Down

THEY started, and, despite Barry's much longer limbs, by the time he passed the designated tree the girl was a full ten feet in the lead. He was puffing and lagging. She didn't stop or let down, but executed a semi-parabola into the air and down, like a dolphin, into the fast river waters.

She swam against the current, which was swift and strong. Barry watched her, then walked down the steps and untied Lois' canoe. He had done some paddling and he decided he'd go out after her and tease her.

The first swish of the tide as he dipped in his lone paddle filliped it out of his hand. Lois, turning, saw. She started after the canoe, downstream, and caught up with it.

She knew the trick of getting into a moving canoe without upsetting or foundering it. The water was too deep where they were to settle the whole dilemma by turning the craft over and giving Barry a swell ducking. He reached to "help" her in, and almost foundered everything.

"Wh—why didn't you swim for the paddle?" he asked. "We can't catch it with nothing to steer us."

"I—I f—orgot—I d—didn't th—think . . Oh, Barry, this is awful! The water's fifty feet deep here and we're being carried around a bend where we'll go over a steep waterfall and turned upside down—and you'll be drowned."

"C-can't you swim after the oar?"

"Too late—couldn't get to you quickly enough now—I don't know what to do. I can save myself, but I can't handle you in such water as this and get you ashore. Good-bye, Barry—it seems a terrible cowardly thing to do, but there's no use of both of us getting killed."

"D-don't leave me—don't leave me, Lois. I couldn't swim a foot out here midstream."

The canoe was bobbing and leaping as it approached the turn.

"B-Bar-r-ry," she stuttered, "are there any last words? Any messages?"

"D-don't leave me, Lois!"

"I can't do you any good and may get sucked under myself. I'm going to j-jump for it."

She tore herself loose from his hold and, in a dive from the dead centre of the boat, in a way that none but a practiced water-nymph could master, she cut the water. Barry saw her head come up. She was swimming beside the boat.

"Try for the oar, Lois," he screamed. "Maybe there's time. There it is, ahead."

"Can't," she blubbered. "Can hardly keep up with the boat."

"Grab the canoe—can't you hold it back?"

"Hold it back how?"

"I—how should I know? Try. Maybe there's a way."

"There's no way. Water's getting deeper and faster. The falls are beyond that next big bend. Barry! What shall I say to your mother?"

He didn't answer. He was staring ahead.

"Take your shoes off—quick—you have no chance to swim in them."

He tore off his sports Oxfords and in his panic threw them overboard.

"Your shirt!" she cried. "Every little bit helps—your trousers——"

He was ripping his shirt to bits and fighting the trick buckle of his belt. The oar was zigzagging tauntingly out of reach. The canoe was near the deadly turn. He bent to speak again to Lois. She had disappeared. He tried to stand up, but the inexpert attempt tumbled him on all fours. When he managed to see again, Lois was climbing into the canoe with the paddle.

"What the—but you said——"

"Don't be a city dude, Barry, dear boy—or if you must be, don't try canoeing in this water."

"You've been—you've been razzing me?"

"Showing you a good time, I beli[eve is the] vulgar expression. Now I'll have [to paddle] you back against this wicked curre[nt. I was] in for a good time myself."

"It's a good thing your sense of hu[mor gave] out when it did. Suppose you'd d[elayed so] long and I'd really have been carried [over the] waterfall."

"There isn't a waterfall within s[ixty] miles of here."

Barry was a sight, barefoot, shirt[less, as] they walked up the path at the hou[se] of many week-enders.

Barry was wild all afternoon. B[ut he felt] better by midnight, for Lois had ap[...] and said "Yes."

Red's Chum Visits Stamp Auction and Gasps at Price

By OTAVUS ROY COHEN

WHEN Red tells me he wants to take me to an auction sale of treasures I don't tumble that he's playing a joke on me.

And I don't suspect that he's letting me in for the worst two weeks an honest crook ever had.

Of course, I think he wants me to give- a bunch of jools the double-O with the idea of maybe making an informal call late some night. I won a nice diamond brooch once by attending an auction where a feller bought it for his sweetie. He took it home to her, and the next morning she didn't have it. These home safes always was easy.

So I go to the auction with Red. The minute we walked in the room I knew it was some of his funny stuff. I never see such queer birds or such a crazy auction. Jools? Nix! Bonds? Nix! Real estate? Double not.

What you reckon they was selling? You couldn't guess in a million May days. Postage stamps!

On the level. No kidding. Postage stamps—and most of them had already been used. That's straight. I get good and sore at Red—and taking a busy man's time—when I hear the auctioneer ask how much he is bid on this Mauritius stamp. He holds it up and talks a lot about paper and printing and margins and rareness and all that sort of thing, and I get ready to hear some bimbo bid a dime when a feller in a frock coat, looking otherwise like he had his good sense, says

"Ten thousand dollars!"

Honest! I wouldn't kid you for nothing. That was when I started to get interested. Jools? Man, the way them fellers discussed money in connection with that stamp was positively indecent. Finally the gazabo in the trick coat says "Twenty thousand!" I was sure I had come to the booby hatch then, but the auctioneer tells him he wins it, and he writes out a cheque real casual and everybody congratulates him on his bargain.

And, as though that ain't enough, about that time a feller comes busting in and says he's come from Rochester to bid on that stamp and they tell him the other guy bought it for twenty thousand, and right away he offers twenty-two. Fact! But the funny guy gives him the laugh and says nothing doing.

That was where I lived. I found out who was the guy who offered the twenty-two grand for that stamp. He was a wizened old feller, and they said he was heartbroke over missing it. Being a charitable turn of mind, I decided to help the old bird out.

Old Frock Coat goes home with the stamp, and I go with him, only he don't know it. The job was a cinch. At two in the morning I leave his house without saying good-bye, and in my pocket is twenty-two thousand dollars cash!

At least that's what I think!

I never was happier in my life. I planned to let the guy in Rochester have it for twenty thousand. I was generous, I was. I didn't care who bought it—for cash.

But a guy who stands in his profession like I do has got to be careful. So I prospect around a bit and finally discover that there's a friend of mine who plays cards for a living and also sells stock, who used to be a stamp collector but otherwise is all right in his head. I slip him the lowdown on what I got. And he just looks at me like I was low enough to walk under a green worm without removing my hat.

"You poor sap!" he says. "You poor, misguided idiot!"

Then he tells me why he thus compliments me. It seems there ain't but about two copies of that stamp in the world. That is, one other copy in as good condition as the one I had, which didn't look any too healthy for me at that. And he says that I couldn't get fifty berries for that stamp because any dealer would recognize it in a minute and no collector wouldn't have it because even if he had a liberal conscience, he wouldn't be able to show it in his collection on account of everybody knowing that it was stole. He said my friend in Rochester would be the first one to turn me up if I approached him about buying it—even for ten thousand.

I have been sick a few times in my life. But never have I been as sick as I was for that two weeks.

Twenty thousand smackers—and not worth a cent to me! A stamp—and an old one, too. It got so I hated to write a letter to a friend just because I had to buy a stamp and put it on the envelope. I never hated anything in all my life like I got to hate stamps.

I was losing weight, losing sleep and losing my ambition. That stamp was haunting me.

I was on my way to be a living skeleton and the world's long-distance non-sleep champion before I made up my mind to get rid of the thing. Nothing else to do. But I couldn't throw it away. A man can't heave twenty thousand berries into the gutter. It ain't possible. So I figure I'll save something out the wreckage, and, feeling like I was giving away twenty thousand dollars, I carry that stamp back to the feller I had borrowed it from.

He lived in a swell dump, and of course I didn't tell him about stealing the thing, although maybe he suspected. I said I found it. Then I give it to him.

Maybe some day I'll return a lost baby to a young mother—but she won't be no gladder to see it than that feller was to get his Mauritius stamp back. He does a regular can-can around the room and beats it to another part of the house and is gone a long time.

When he comes back he's got something that gladdens my heart. It's a long, thin envelope and he gives it to me with a long speech about how grateful he is, and will I accept this little token of his undying appreciation? I says "Sure," grabs the reward and beats it.

I hoped that feller wasn't tight, because I needed cash, and needed it bad. Not less than a thousand, was what I figured. I git one under a corner light and open the envelope. And that was where somebody hit me on the head with an office building. Right there.

What do you think was in that envelope? First come a note which said, "I feel sure that these little treasures will delight you and embark you on a course which will gi[...] the years of your life."

And with the note was a little [...] postage stamps!

Find Noises Stimu[...] Workers to Faste[...] Operations

NOISES, such as those of outsid[e...] ringing of telephone bells a[...] office sounds stimulate a person to greater speed and accomplish nearly [as] much as under quieter conditions. [...] task is a mechanical one, like typin[g ...] ing to tests made under the directio[n of Pro]fessor J. B. Morgan, of Northweste[rn Uni]versity. But when a person attempt[s to] write and at the same time thi[s] bothersome noises are heard, it was f[ound] confusion results. These, and other [interest]ing findings which were made from [...] laboratory tests with different subject[s ...] scribed in Popular Mechanics. In o[ne experi]ment a girl sat at a keyboard adjuste[d ...] numbers from one to ten. As she pre[ssed a] key, a letter of the alphabet was ca[...] a code directed the operator which [...] to press next. While the test was in [progress] a phonograph was playing outside [...] bells were rung and a loud pounding [pro]duced. When the noise was most in[tense the] girl talked in an effort to overcome [the dis]turbances and an instrument showed [the] keys were pressed harder when the [noises] were loudest. The demonstration [con]tinued for two hours. No measureme[nts were] taken, but Professor Morgan obser[ved ...] most people are able to adapt them[selves to] noisy surroundings.

First Schoolmaster—Have you any boy[...] in your class?

Second Schoolmaster—Yes, two. I have excellent manners.

A Page For CHILDREN

Ruby and Mary Find a Way

By Iris Noel

IT was just four days before Easter. Ruby and Mary loved to look at the pretty Easter eggs and baskets in the store windows. (It was Wednesday.) Ruby and Mary had gone down town, after school, to look at the eggs which fascinated them each time more than the last.

They stopped in front of one store where there were little chocolate eggs packed in baskets with tiny yellow chicks. Many were decorated with flowers made of sugar, some were in pretty egg cups and most of them had writing on made of pink sugar.

"Look at that big one," cried Ruby.

Mary looked and she saw the very prettiest of all. It was a big chocolate egg, and it had flowers all round it, and in the middle was written: "To Mother Darling."

"I wish we could give that to Mother," said Ruby.

"So do I," answered Mary. "Let's go and ask how much it is."

They went in the store, and the lady told them it was fifty cents.

She also added that she would put it in a pretty box for them.

"We can't get it today," Ruby told her, so they thanked the lady and went back home.

When they got home they sat down by the window to talk about it. Mother was busy, so she did not hear what they were saying.

"We shall have to earn some money," suggested Ruby.

"How can we earn money," asked Mary.

"I don't know," answered Ruby thoughtfully. "Mother might give it to us, but I would not like to ask her for money for her own present."

"O no," cried Mary. "That would be dreadful."

Ruby looked out of the window at the green parsley which was growing so nicely now.

"The parsley belongs to us," she reminded Mary.

"Yes," cried Mary excitedly. "We always take care of it, and Mother hardly uses any. It just goes to seed."

"Let's sell it," suggested Ruby.

"Do you think the fish shop would buy any?" asked Mary.

"They have a little, but they might buy some more," remarked Ruby.

The next day Mother told the girls she would be away when they got back from school.

"I hope you will not be lonely," she said.

Ruby and Mary smiled at each other, for they knew they would not be.

As soon as they got home the two girls picked a lot of parsley and put it into bundles, which they washed first.

"We have five bundles," counted Mary.

"Let's put them into a basket and take them to the fish shop," said Ruby.

The man in the store paid them ten cents a bundle for the parsley and took it all, very pleased to have it so nice and fresh.

He told them he would buy a basket full once a week if they brought it.

Ruby took the fifty cents and put it away in her purse, then they went down to the store where the Easter eggs looked more tempting than ever. They bought the big egg, and the lady of the store put it in a nice box for them. When the girls reached home they puzzled where to put the egg. At last Ruby said: "I know. We can put it in the bottom drawer."

They put the box away carefully, so that Mother would not find it. It was hard for the girls to keep their secret, but they never breathed a word about it to anybody.

Easter morning came at last. Ruby and Mary got up early and put the Easter egg on Mother's plate for breakfast. When she saw the big box on her plate she said, "Why? Whose is that?"

"Look and see what is written on it," suggested Ruby.

Mother read the words: "Wishing you a happy Easter, with love and kisses, from Ruby and Mary."

"You dear girls," cried Mother as she opened the box and undid the tissue paper inside. She then lifted out the egg carefully.

"What a beauty," she exclaimed. "Where did you get it?"

"We bought it," answered Mary, and Ruby added: "Yes, and we earned the money ourselves."

The girls told Mother all about how they had sold the parsley.

"We can sell some every week now," added Ruby.

"I am glad you have found a way to earn money of your own," replied Mother, "and I am very proud of you." She rose from the table, went round to each girl and gave her a hug.

"I am glad that the very first money we earned was spent on you, Mother," said Ruby.

"So am I," added Mary.

"I shall remember it all my life," said Mother.

Poetry on Some Spring Flowers

SPRING has come and with her the lovely procession of flowers has begun. Before the beds and borders are filled with countless blossoms let us listen to what some of the poets have said about those that are already here.

We will begin with the Laurustinus. James Montgomery has written:

Fair tree of Winter, fresh and flowering
When all around is dead and dry,
Whose ruby buds, though skies are lowering,
Spread their white blossoms to the sky.

And another says:

Whether the weather be snow or rain,
We are sure to see the flower of Saint Fains.
Rain comes but seldom and often snow,
And yet the viburnum is sure to blow.

The snowdrop, fair maid of February, has vanished from Victoria gardens. Mary Robinson's verse recalls her.

The snowdrop, Winter's timid child,
Awakes to life bedewed with tears,
And flings around its fragrance mild
And where no rival flow'rets bloom
Amid the bare and chilling gloom
A beauteous gem appears.

"The snowdrop and then the violet
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,"

Shelley tells us, and a lesser poet says:

"The snowdrop, in purest white array,
First rears her head on Candlemas Day."

Milton would have the "glowing violet" among the flowers that strewed the hearse of his friend.

How Shakespeare loved it and others, too, he shows in the lines:

"O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength."

"Where oxlips and the nodding violet grow" is another line.

Wordsworth's

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky,

is a verse you all like.

And the poet who longed for "A green and grassy turf with violets bestrewn" has many a sympathiser.

In these early Spring days the daisy, fresh and lovely, appeals to all who walk abroad.

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," was it ever better described?

Chaucer, our first great English poet, loved it, too:

"Of all the flowers in the mede,
Than love I most these flowers white and rede,
Such that men call daisies in our town."

Wordsworth's lines:

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun,

Have their lesson, and he tells us again that "Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower Near the lark's nest."

Young people who seek lilies for church decoration this week may call to mind Keble's lines:

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows.

Few flowers are more loved than the crocus that comes to cheer us with the assurance that Winter has really gone.

Lovely, sprightly little flower!
Herald of a brighter bloom,
Bursting in a sunny hour
From thy Winter tomb
Hues you bring, bright, gay and tender,
As if never to decay;
Fleeting in their varied splendour—
Soon, alas! it fades away.

We have seen already what Shakespeare says about the daffodil, the glory of our Spring gardens.

You should all know by heart Wordsworth's poem ending

And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

Herrick touches a different note in

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained its noon.

In some gardens the little flowers of the scilla adorn the border with a lovely clear blue. Has anyone a verse about them?

The editor would welcome any timely quotations about flowers as the weeks reveal fresh beauties in the gardens.

Ten Little Pullets' Eggs

TEN little pullets' eggs standing in a line:
One jumped in the johnnycake, then there were Nine.

Nine little pullets' eggs ranged upon a plate,
Ted had one for breakfast, then there were Eight.

Eight little pullets' eggs thought they were eleven;
Had a fight to settle it, then there were Seven.

Seven little pullets' eggs playing monkey tricks,
One fell off the table, then there were Six.

Six little pullets' eggs going for a dive;
One struck upon a rock, then there were Five.

Five little pullets' eggs rapping at the door,
One rapped a bit too hard, then there were Four.

Four little pullets' eggs sitting in a tree,
One lost his balance, then there were Three.

Three little pullets' eggs looking at the view,
One fell out of window, then there were Two.

Two little pullets' eggs bought a hot-cross bun,
One ate it all himself, and then there was One.

One little pullet's egg all alone and sad,
Donned his gay new Easter clothes, then he was glad.

—Contributed.

How Easter Rabbits Came

By M. GENEVIEVE SILVESTER

MAKE-A-BOOK—Save the twelve pictures that tell this story to make a book. Cut them out and paste them on white paper. You will then have a complete story. Cut a cover from stiff paper, and sew the pages of the book into it with a big, strong stitch.

8

"Here comes Little Red Hen; she has many eggs," said Robin. "Ask her to give some for the children's baskets."

"Cluck, cluck, cluck! What do you want? What do you want?" asked Little Red Hen.

"We want some eggs for the children's baskets," said Mother Rabbit.

9

10

"Cluck, cluck, cluck! You may have all you want. We have so many eggs we cannot use them," said Little Red Hen. "Come and get them!"

The squirrels and birds, big rabbits and little ones, all ran to the henhouse and filled all the baskets with fine big eggs.

11

The Children's Library

THE little room in the Public Library where Victoria children assemble to borrow or to read books is a very pleasant place. The most is made of its space, and plants and prints brighten the walls and windows. Perhaps some day the Arts and Crafts Society will spare a really good picture for the benefit of the children.

As it is, the illustrations in many books are so beautiful that grown-ups wish they were children again to enjoy them. Such pictures were very rare when they were young. As for Canadian grandfathers and grandmothers, they never saw pictures like those of Arthur Rackham and others of the famous illustrators.

Do children realize the value of these books? Perhaps not, but they are taught to take great care of them when they look at them in their room.

This collection serves the school children and the teachers of the city as well as those who come to the room. With all possible care the volumes wear out and though, we are assured, the young folks are, at least, quite as careful as their elders, the life of a library book is not long.

The habit of reading is one that most children are easily taught. Few are more valuable. We hear of bad and worthless books. There are many of these, but they are not found in the Children's Library.

It is hoped that our City Fathers will think of their big family and grant money to replenish the shelves whenever possible. Miss Margaret Clay, the librarian, has the welfare of the children's room very much at heart, and Miss Hazel King is a sympathetic as well as an efficient superintendent.

The Sunshine Camp

THE ladies and gentlemen of the Social Service League have been busy all the month gathering money for the Sunshine Camp at Saseenos. Have the children been helping, too? The papers are publishing the names of gentlemen and ladies who have given large sums. Perhaps others have not sent in their names. It is well worth while helping to get a camping place to which tired mothers can bring their little or their ailing children for a holiday each Summer.

Sooke is a lovely district. All the fresh air comes in from the sea and the scent of pine and fir spreads healing balm all round. Even a short stay at such a camp will help those who are weak or weary. But if the camp is to be opened in May there is no time to be lost. The hall that has been planned to serve for dining and sitting-room cannot be put up without labor and money. Then there are the tents and the furniture and many other things. Wouldn't it be nice if the children who have happy homes and who have camps of their own could buy the dishes needed for the small people at the camp? How many of our readers, we wonder, are making plans to help? It is easy to forget that many children must stay all through the Summer in poor and crowded rooms with troubled mothers unless a way is found to give them a holiday with lots of room and plenty of good food. So many have these things that most children do not think there are others without. The Social Service League, the Friendly Help and other societies know that there is great need for a free camping place, even in well-to-do Victoria.

He Paid Up

A GOOD story is related concerning Madame Tetrazzini and a certain American manager who started haggling with her over the sum she required for singing at a concert.

"It is my fee," said Tetrazzini calmly.

"But it is more than the President of the United States receives," protested the manager.

"Then get the President of the United States to sing for you," suggested Tetrazzini.

The manager frowned, shrugged his shoulders, and—agreed to her terms.

Antics of Peanut and Popcorn

Related by Popcorn

"JUICY oranges, children." Well, I had my usual bath today. I certainly like to dive into the chicken feed barrel, and dust in the barley meal. I got a lot of dust on my whiskers, and made Firth's oldest boy and Doreen Campbell's young brother smile at my capers. After the two boys went, Dorothy Haugh came with Gwen Burton, and I had another bath. Sis made me smile when she asked the boss if she would have a fur as fair as Dorothy's hair if she bathed in corn meal. Sis has made friends with Cora and Galli Curci again, and they have lots of talk with each other. Whilst we were sitting on the crossbar the other day, Sis told me very confidentially that Galli Curci was not a good worker, and that the boss only kept her because she is such a good mother for rearing chicks. She only lays a few eggs and then goes broody. She has acted as nurse three years now for the boss' family of chicks. Cora is the best layer in the yard and is John's pet hen. She doesn't want to be bothered with chicks, so keeps on laying. The boss has a new chicken now. His name is George, and the boss puts him in a box every night, so he will not crow too soon and wake the neighbors. George cannot whistle as good as me, but he can crow very loud. He is very funny to watch when the boss feeds the hens. He calls the hens and drops pieces of food for them. Sis and I make a rush every time we get anything to eat, and the first one gets the most. Sis always fights me if I do not eat my apple before her. She just grabs what is left and goes up in a corner and eats it.

We got a lovely big apple, a bun and some walnuts from Miss Joyce Sowden, of North Salt Spring, last week. Her father was a soldier with our district Bobby, P. C. Pook, overseas. We were glad to get the apple and walnuts, because we have been getting such a lot of peanuts lately, and Sis had to speak to the boss about it. The boss said he was expecting a shipload of walnuts and filberts soon, and then we would have a bigger varie—.

Yesterday afternoon, Donnie Haugh and Stuart Turner dropped in for a few minutes. They belong to the younger set on Pinewood Avenue, and are two very enterprising young men. After looking at us for a few moments, they went over to an old-fashioned disused washing machine, and got the boss to put three pails of water in for "gas," and then they turned the machine into a motor car. They worked it for a few minutes, and then Donnie said, "Wait a minute; she's missing." He then let out the water and asked the boss for a couple gallons of gas, and after the boss put in a pailful he told Stuart to "Shove her into high." After going about three hundred miles, they pulled out the plug and let the water rush out all over Cora's feet. As the two went out the gate, the boss looked out the window and said, "Thank you for calling, gentlemen," and one said quite nicely, "That's all right, Mister."

The boss let me out the cage and told me to drink up the water on the ground before the lady boss came home from town. I tried hard but couldn't drink much of the water. I told the boss that perhaps the "Merower," with the big yellow eyes that comes into our yard each night, would be able to drink up the water.

Freddie Johnson and Harry Simpson have both moved away lately. Harry had a little black and white Pomeranian puppy, and it was funny to hear it try to bark at people. It barked at the boss one day, and the boss went up to it and it fell over trying to run away.

I must tell you about the big box in the boss' basement. It is full of eggs, and some are Cora's. The boss is pleased because he wants to get some chicks from Cora's eggs, and he told me today that there will be some of her chicks. I saw the boss hold some eggs up to the light, and he told me that he could see the little chicks growing. The boss said wonderful things happen to an egg when it is warmed for twenty-one days. The egg is all moisture first, and then it turns into a little chick with bones and fine fur and down. He called it a miracle. I started to see if an eggshell was very hard, and had just got my teeth on the shell when the boss said "Scat!" My, I got a scare. I jumped out the box and on to the shelf where the jam and jelly is kept. I tipped over a small glass of jelly, and the boss said, "Mrs. Evans, there goes Mrs. Urquhart's jelly. Young man, you will get a call from P. C. Pook one of these days. He will put the handcuffs on all four of your feet."

Well, here comes the bread and milk. Must get busy or Sis will have eaten it all up. Big walnuts, children.

Uncle Ray's Own Corner

Ways of the Olden Incas

Gods and Religion

THE sun is the great power house of the solar system. It gives our earth heat and light. If it should go out, all people would die.

The people of Inca Land knew the importance of the sun, and they gave it worship.

"The sun," they said, "is our greatest god. The moon is a goddess and is the wife of the sun."

People living along the coast gave honor to the fish-god. They made images of him and showed him as part fish and part man.

Another Inca deity was the puma-god. The puma is a fierce animal of the cat family which is found in mountain parts of North and South America. The Inca people prayed to the puma-god, I suppose, in order to avoid danger when they passed through mountain forests.

Inca bird-god (above) and Inca fish-god

Still another Inca god was the bird-god. It certainly had a curious form! Feathers, wings and tail were mixed with human arms and legs!

At the beginning of the Summer season in the Inca empire, a great feast was held. For three days before people did not eat and did not light any fires in their homes.

When the feast arrived the Inca king arose before daybreak and led a procession to a spot where all could watch the rising of the sun. When the first rays were seen, the people let forth shouts of joy. Then the king drank corn liquor from a golden cup.

Another Inca feast took place at Cusco once a year. Priests brought idols to the city from far parts of the empire. Questions were asked of the idols, such as

"Will the Inca have a long life?"

"Will the crops be large or small this year?"

"Will there be warfare?"

The priests gave the answers, but the gods were supposed to speak through their mouths.

Cloth and Home Life

THE olden Incas were not very tall. The average height of the men is believed to have been about five feet three inches. The women were two or three inches shorter.

What they lacked in height they made up in skill. Of all Indian tribes in South America, they were the leaders.

The weaving of the Incas was the best in either North or South America. Using cotton or wool cut from the long-haired "alpaca," they made cloth bags, ponchos (or shirts), belts, shawls and robes.

Picture of an Inca house based on clay model found in Peru

Workbaskets have been found in the graves of Inca women. They contain needles made from thorns and also from copper, along with balls of thread.

Some of the baskets contain dolls which had not been finished when the women died. We may imagine an Inca mother making a cloth doll for her little girl—a deed which was to be her last on earth.

In the warmer parts of the Inca empire, the people usually lived in low wooden huts. Sometimes the walls were coated with mud. The roofs were formed of thatched grass or of matted reeds.

In cold districts, the walls of houses were commonly built of stone.

There were also adobe huts in Inca Land. Adobe is mud dried in the sun. It still forms the walls of many Indian homes in Mexico and the southwestern part of the United States.

If you were to make a trip to Peru, you would be able to find bridges built by the Inca Indians. These bridges date back from 400 to 1,000 years. They may be called "hanging bridges," for they hang from high banks at either side of rivers and streams. They are built of branches held in place by long vines or braided strips of bark.

That may sound as though the bridges were weak, but they are really strong. Scores of them are still in use. Loaded mules have passed safely over some Inca bridges.

Molly Finds an Easter Lily

SAANICHTON B.C.
MAR 10

DEAR EDITOR
I WAS WANDERING IN A WOOD NEAR MY HOME AND I SPIED A LITTLE EASTER LILY IT WAS ON DADDY'S BIRTHDAY MAR 10 I AM 5 YEARS OLD. LOVE FROM
MOLLY HORSFIELD.

Hepaticas

WHAT shall I sing to you, what shall I sing,
Of beautiful rovers through woodlands grey?
Ladies from Wonderland, drest in silk
All pink and purple and whiter than milk,
What shall I sing to you, what shall I sing?
Was somebody calling that broke your rest,
The soft rain weeping warm tears on your cheek,
That waked you from sleeping a half year's sleep?
The chickadee's call as he passed your bed,
Or the woodpecker's hammering overhead,
Or the bluebird's fluting, the robin's trill?
Did you hear the song of the whippoorwill
That here you come bravely, in twos and threes,
Dancing so merrily under the trees,
To curtsey and dance in the April rain?
I know that to gladden my heart you came.

Beautiful comers from darkness and mystery,
So hath God led thee, wonderful story,
So shall we, repeating thy beautiful history,
From dark bed of earth bloom into glory.

—Isabella Allen Warwick.

Why, Farmer, Why?

OUR farmers and gardeners are still shooting their best friends.

A bad little grub
Cried Rub-a-dub-dub!
And Fee-fo-fum! cried he.
"It's meat and it's drink
For a grub to think
He ruins an orchard tree.
This bud would have grown
A fruit and a stone—
I nibble it through instead.
Won't farmer be vexed?
And now for the next"
But that was the last he said.

A bird from a shrub
Dashed down on the grub
And gobbled him up with glee.
It does seem absurd
That a man shot the bird
For robbing his orchard tree!

—Children's Newspaper.

A Pair of Skis

A Story of Faith and Love

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
Illustrated by Rex Maxon

AT the top of the ridge Jed Lawrence wavered, glanced over his shoulder, and finally halted a grey form against a grey background, his gaunt attention centred upon a log cabin in the valley below

It lured him, that cabin, with the smoke curling along the slab-boarded roof from the slanting tin chimney and dissolving in the whippings of the wind at the eaves It held his tired eyes, over which a shaking hand brushed in frequent haphazard movements, as if to free them from visions that would not be dispelled It tugged at him as though it were human: this would be the last time Jed Lawrence would ever see that cabin, the last chance he would ever have to look into the face of the girl who lived there, to hear her voice

After a long moment of indecision, he strove to press onward, forcing his tired limbs against the pull of the grade as the ridge began to rise toward the filmy heights of the Continental Divide, glowering from its veils of white against the leaden curtain of the sky.

Dazedly he shook himself, a physical reaction against a mental burden, and again he looked longingly toward the little structure in the valley.

"Wouldn't have time, anyway," he mumbled. "I've got to beat the snow"

A Hunted Man

HE stared about him at the country that lay beyond, the bare, twisted trees writhing in the agonies of the timberline struggle to live, the bluish expanses of the rock-slides, where they rose fluted with white toward the higher stretches, the hummocks of timberline spruce and juniper crouched, as though in humility, before the sombre majesty of the region that towered beyond. A place aloof, ominous, brooding, with its sporadic bursts of snow swelling from its vicious peaks, its fields of dirty white where the glaciers creaked on, year upon year and age upon age, its ferocity and yet its friendliness—for there lay safety from pursuit, and Jed Lawrence was a hunted man

Again he wavered, even as the faint light of hope came into his deadened eyes He glanced once more below and his reserve suddenly breaking, covered his face with his hands.

"It might as well be me that tells her," he moaned. "She's bound to know" A hundred yards from the cabin he gripped himself as if for an ordeal A greeting had come from the doorway, where stood a young woman, laughing a welcome Jed Lawrence went forward.

"Your paw ain't here?" he asked huskily. The girl's smile vanished.

"No, he's down at the mine" Then quickly. "What's the matter, Jed—you're so pale."

Jed Lawrence came closer, and with trembling hands braced himself against the door.

"I've killed a man!"

Horror and Revulsion

SHE took it as one would take a blow, a hand raised to lips that had suddenly become white, her brown eyes widened with horror and revulsion. But only for an instant. For suddenly she was gripping convulsively at his shoulders.

"You never, Jed!" she cried. "You never did any such thing—you never, you never!"

"Yes, I did," he answered in a monotone "That's why I asked you first if your paw was here. He'd have tried to hold me" He paused, then completed his thought: "Brad Masters is dead, down in the pool hall. My knife's in him—clean up to the hilt."

The girl's fire vanished with the statement. She went into the cabin and sat huddled at the table Jed Lawrence followed, halting half way across the cabin, as if afraid to approach nearer, a dazed, slow-thinking man, unable to cope with the sorrow his confession had inflicted. This was a different Mary Preston from the one he had always known. The laughing brown eyes had become heavy and lifeless, the prettily curved lips were drawn

"What'd you think I'd do, Jed?" she asked in innocent accusation

"I never thought you'd take it this way," he said. The girl looked up

He shook his head.

Approaching Storm

"I DON'T know. I never thought about it at all I——" He stared out of the open door as a sudden rise of the wind moaned at the eaves, scattering before it the first swirling flakes of the approaching storm. "I just figured out when they came after me, and somehow—if you had to know—I wanted to be the one to tell you."

"Why'd you ever do it, Jed?"

"I'll never know that, Mary I never will. Something must've just come over me." Jed Lawrence broke off, caught his breath jerkily "I never thought I'd ever—ever do anything like that. I don't remember anything about it. I guess a fellow gets that way when he kills somebody Not till I picked myself up off the floor and looked at him and seen my hunting knife sticking in his side, clean up to the guard. We'd been fightin'"

"About what, Jed?"

The man turned his head lowered

"I'd called him a liar"

"Why?"

"He'd said somethin' about somebody"

"But what did he say, Jed?"

"Oh, just something"

"People don't"—she hesitated at the word—"don't kill folks for just saying something Who was he talking about?"

Snow Flying Fiercely

JED LAWRENCE turned his gaze again toward the open door The snow was flying more swiftly now

"I've got to be gettin on. he mumbled. "This snow's a wet one—it'll pile fast"

But the girl had risen and moved a step from the table

"I want to know," she demanded "Who was Brad Masters talking about—what made you call him a liar?"

The man shook his head

"That's my business."

"And it's mine, too. Brad was my friend."

"Your friend?" A slight gasp accompanied the words—as if this were a new blow added to ones already overpowering. "He couldn't have been your friend Mary."

"So he said something about me, then?" Her eyes narrowed. "Was that it, Jed?"

"I've said enough," came sullenly from the doorway.

But the girl persisted

"Or did he say it about Thornton?"

The question turned him suddenly, to stare at her as if she had broken through a wall he believed impregnable His answer was evasive

"There ain't going to be anybody else mixed in this but me," he answered doggedly "I ain't trying to offer no excuses"

A Woman's Persuasion

MARY PRESTON came slowly forward and laid a hand on his arm.

"What happened, Jed?" she pleaded. "Won't you tell me?"

He glanced out to where the mountains were beginning to fade in swirling white

"I don't know," he answered at last. "I'd stopped in there to get a sack of tobacco—figured on going over the range this afternoon if the snow held off. The sky looked bad. Got to talking to Brad about the weather; how it looked like the snow was comin' a lot earlier this year Then—well, we just talked o' various things—and folks Then somebody's name come up."

"Whose name?" demanded Mary Preston with a tense eagerness.

"It don't make no difference. A friend of mine. Brad said something and I called him a liar."

"Then it was Thornton he mentioned!"

"I ain't brought Thornton Luce's name in this, and I ain't brought yours in it, and I ain't brought anybody's but Brad Masters' and mine" the man protested "If you're going to keep on making up things——" he halted and scraped a booted foot against the knotted pine floor "I didn't mean to say that so roughlike," he apologized. The girl's grasp tightened upon his arm

"Just tell me what happened, Jed—I won't interrupt."

Called Him a Liar

"YEH—well, that's about all there was"

An anguished brain was striving to piece together a thing painfully vivid, yet fragmentary "I called him a liar and a pretty low sort of a man to try to butt in when two folks—that is, when somebody was happy—and try to ruin something that wasn't any of his business. And he said I didn't know what I was talking about, and that, if I took my friend's part so strong, I must be just about as bad as he was. I guess those things all end up the same way. Anyway, the first thing I knowed we were fighting. Both of us about the same size—only he had the best of me Brad could box, you know."

"And nobody tried to stop you!" the girl exclaimed "Oh, why will men stand about——"

"There wasn't anybody else in the place, Mary," Jed answered. "Just him and me" He halted, peering out at the driving blasts of white as though striving to pierce them for a view of the lower country beyond "I've got to be watchin' the trail," he explained. Then, as a question from the girl pulled him back to his subject: "No, there wasn't nobody but Brad and me He had the best of it—kept hitting me under the heart I was getting pretty dizzy when I thought I heard the door open

"He had the best of it—kept hitting me under the heart . . . and I started to go down and——"

behind me and started to look around to see if it was some friend of Brad's comin' to help him. But I never got to look. Brad hit me again and I started to go down, and——"

"Then you——"

"I guess so," said Jed Lawrence brokenly. "I must've done it then Must've just done it without even knowing it. I just remember kind of floundering around for a second or two, and the next thing I knew I was getting up off the floor. There was Brad, all doubled up and a streak of red on his clothes, at his side, you know And my hunting-knife in him I called to him and rubbed his wrists and temples and everything, but he didn't answer me"

"Jed!" She said it faintly with her hands over her eyes

"I've done a criminal thing ain't I?" he asked

"But you ain't told all of it I know you ain't told all of it. There's something behind all this, Jed, that you won't tell me—and I've got to know!"

Strives to Break Away

HE strove to break away from her, but the hands of Mary Preston had become of great strength, clutching at his arms, at the folds of his heavy sheepskin

"Jed—you can't go! I won't let you go! I won't, I won't! You've got to stay and face it—we'll find a way, Jed If you'll just tell—"

He flung his arms free from her grasp.

"You've gone crazy Mary You, puttin up that talk to a murderer!"

Sentenced for Killing

"IT scared me, Mary," he went on "I just knelt there and trembled—beggin' him to open his eyes. Then I heard somebody coming, and I jumped up and looked through the window. It was Thornton and a couple of fellows, laughin' and talking as they turned off the street. And there I stood, Mary, with a murdered man and my knife in him—it came over me just like that. I could see only Judge Parker looking down at me over his glasses—an' mumblin' like he did that time when he sentenced that Mexican for killin'." Of a sudden his voice broke. "I run, Mary—I couldn't help it. I went out through the back door and jumped on my horse and made it out of town. I pushed him as hard as I could go until I got to the bottom of the ridge; then I

The breaking moon showed the hulking form of a big man, gliding swiftly upon home-made skis, with a burden in his arms.

let him go and started walking I must've made it up here in less'n two hours, Mary."

There was no answer, save the sobbing of the girl. Jed Lawrence began to fumble with the buttons of his sheepskin

"I've got to go, Mary," he said at last. "This snow'll be deep enough to slow me up pretty soon, and I've to keep ahead of em. They've found out by this time—with my name on my knife. Besides, folks must've seen me ridin' out of town."

"You're not going to run away, Jed?"

"I've already run, Mary. I'm goin' on up to my cabin—got snowshoes there Once I get started over the range, they'll never have a chance of heading me off I know the country."

"But Jed—Jed!" Her voice was pleading. "You ain't going to run away like a criminal."

"But you're not, Jed! I know you're not—there's something you haven't told, and I'm going to know it." Her last vestige vanished in a surge of emotion that sent her to her tiptoes, her arms tight clasped about his neck. "You're no murderer, Jed—you couldn't be! I wouldn't believe it, if a thousand people said they saw you! You're going to stay and face it out; I'll wait for you, we'll make out somehow—"

He gaped for an instant in wonder; then, almost roughly, his big arms went upward to tear her arms from their embrace

"What's come over you, Mary?" he gasped. "Carryin' on this way? What if Thornton'd hear you talkin' like this!"

"Thornton!" Mary Preston faced him with flashing eyes. "What do I care about Thornton?"

"What do you care about him?" asked Jed Lawrence amazedly "Why, Mary—after you two fixing up to get married?"

"He told you that?"

"Why, sure; he told me all about it."

Acted So Queer

"AND you believed him? Is that why you haven't been to see me, Jed? Is it? Is that why you've acted so queer and stayed out of my way? I want to know!"

"Why, sure, Mary. It wasn't nothin' but natural that you'd care about him, over me. Him—he's got education and looks and clothes—"

"And lies and sneaking ways and—"

"Mary!"

"Lies, I said, if he told you I'd promised him I didn't!" Her white hands were pounding now, one into the other. "I didn't tell him anything of the kind—I told him I didn't want him—that I wanted somebody else, and that I had a right to him. And he laughed at me and said you'd never step in front of him—"

"Me, Mary?"

"Yes, you! Following him about like a dog, doing everything that he told you to do, believing everything that he said to you, standing in the background so that he could always be out in front. And I told him that there was something back somewhere that would come out on him some of these days, and I'd find out what it was And break that faith of yours so that you could come out and—and speak for yourself."

Jed Lawrence moved toward the door.

"I thought it was him, Mary," he said "There ain't no use talkin' any more now I've raised the bars on that Brad, down there in town with my knife in him— And somethin' more!" Now he whirled, his big hands clenched before him "There wasn't nobody in this here thing but me! I'm goin away, where they won't find me, I'll get out of them snowfields by a pass I know, and I'll be gone where nobody'll ever strike my trail You keep still about it—understand that? You ain't in this, and I ain't goin' to let you get dragged in, neither Who'm I to be wastin' a life, over? Huh? Who'm I—somebody that ain't got no more sense'n to reach for his knife when he's gettin' licked! You,"—he strove to sneer, "thinkin' about a fool like me!" He glanced over his shoulder "Snowin' harder Got to be gettin on, before the big slide fills up" Then, curtly, "S'long, Mary Forget I've been here!"

"You Go Back!"

THE sound of her voice mingled with the crashing of the door as he jerked it shut behind him, and, his big form bent against the blast of white, swung again for the ridge Half-way to the back-bone he faltered, looked over his shoulder, raised a booted foot to the next jutting boulder, as if to go onward, then whirled with sudden resolve "You go back!" he shouted to the dim form of the woman, faintly visible thro the drifting white as it swept downward into the valley "Hear me—you go back there!"

It was the quality of his tone, rather than the words, she turned, as if to answer to an unalterable decree Jed Lawrence, from his position upon the heights watched the form of her gradually recede. At last faintly audible above the shrilling of the wind, there sounded the banging of a heavy door as Mary Preston forced it tight against the shrieking storm.

Jed Lawrence pressed forward, up over the edge of the ridge and onward, toward the white desert of the Continental Divide Once he halted, holding his hands before him, as if studying them for carmine signs of guilt.

"Killed more'n Brad, that knife o' mine," he mumbled drearily. Doggedly he pushed on. Afternoon had come now—far in the heights of the drift-laden Divide was a cabin that must be reached, where there were snow-shoes and provisions and a rifle

"He'd always told me I never had a chance!" he muttered. "How should I know different?"

Suddenly his brain cleared, revealing things that he had never realised before—his blind devotion to a man who had come into his life five years before, and who, by the constant association of a Winter in the hills, endeared himself to this big, slow-thinking man. Jed, because he had followed nothing in his life but the straight course, had thought of only a straight course for others. He had had a feeling of inferiority before Thornton Luce, who had traveled, who could speak familiarly of strange places, who read and talked of books as if they were his intimate friends, who could meet others without embarrassment.

Now Jed had learned that there had been lies and stealth—deception, where he had given unfaltering faith He halted, and brushed again, dizzily, at his eyes Then slowly he shook his head.

There was nothing to do about it now—except to go away, to lose himself where no one would ever know.

"Folks forget after a while" he muttered. "There'll be somebody else show up—a lot better'n I'll ever be And that's an end to it!"

On the Mountain Top

TWO hours later a gasping man brushed away the snow at the edge of a jutting rock and pulled himself over its edge and sank for a moment to rest Below him, visible for an instant in a lifting of the storm, the tumbled serrations of the mountain country displayed themselves Jed Lawrence looked out over the scene before making the final ascent to his cabin, there to outfit himself for the journey that would lead him to safety. One last glance strayed at random, for a time, then suddenly centred

"Moving!" he said, and raised his hands above his squinting eyes. Long moments passed, while, far in the lower hills, the black, slowly progressing dot passed from a ridge into a draw, lost itself behind the jutting rocks, then reappeared—a dot that twisted about the projecting peaks and jetties of stone, even as he had twisted, or that dipped into the lower stretches, following a trail not yet erased.

Jed Lawrence suddenly arose with an exclamation of fear "Moving!" he exclaimed again "On my trail!"

His big form bent against the newly rising wind. A hundred yards, and he halted, panting, to glance again below, then to stand for a moment, in uncertainty.

"Better not hang around here wastin time!" he mused "That won't help me none!"

On again Pulling himself up to the last of the rock-slides to the higher expanse of the Divide—a man fighting hard for the chance of freedom, behind him, he knew that black dot was steadily progressing, along a trail already broken, moving faster than he had moved, and upon a definite course.

He lowered his head against the gale shrieking down from the white-fringed peaks to the left Steadily he progressed, at last to veer sharply along a bare-swept shale-field and turn toward the squatty outlines of a tiny cabin. He fumbled for the key to the heavy padlock, steel grated against steel, followed by the rasping yield of rusted tumblers Jed Lawrence stumbled within, passed around the little table, with its filterings of snow that the mountain wind had sent through the chinkings, and bent behind the stove An ejaculation escaped him, he raised an object, looked above to where a small hole in the eaves-log told of a nail that had slipped from its fastenings, then dully stared at the thing in his hand

The Torn Snowshoe

IT was one of the two snowshoes The other lay upon the floor its gut webbing torn and frayed and ragged, even as this one. Beside it was a tin can, empty now—but nevertheless eloquent.

"The nail gave way," mumbled Jed Lawrence, in explanation. "The grease in that can must've been warm from the sun. Snowshoes hit it when they fell—got greasy. Packrats did the rest"

He tossed the web to the floor—merely so much bent, gnawed wood and useless strings now, chewed beyond repair by mountain packrats. He turned and stamped slowly about the little room, a hopeless man, halting at last to look above him, where upon their pegs rested the curved stretches of what he had planned as a pair of skis—as useless as the snowshoes that lay behind the stove.

"It'd take a night's work to fix 'em," he said "They've got to be shaped yet, and grooved an' everything. Whoever it is that's after me—"

There was no need in finishing the sentence. Jed Lawrence's left hand had gone instinctively to his belt, there to fumble at emptiness. To shape skis, one must possess a keen blade—and his scabberd was empty.

From over the ridge a roaring sounded, far away, then horribly close as the blast veered—the scraping and grinding of rocks, the scattering of shale, and the booming of boulders, as they thundered downward to crash through the ice of a tiny lake a thousand feet below.

The cabin began to grow grey with the passing of the day—soon the windows were only blue smudges against the reflections of the snow, and the man a black hulk before a fireless stove.

Warrant for Murder

SOONER or later, he knew, there would come a knock on the door. And he would face an officer who carried a warrant for murder There was no other way—those ragged, ratchewed snowshoes behind the stove had ended every other hope. One could not travel without them. The snow was crusting now—not enough to hold a human form, but sufficiently to bind one's feet, when they broke through, and hold them, as in a trap. Without snowshoes, or without skis—Jed turned in the blackness and glanced above. No knife. No time for the slow process of smoothing them and fitting their straps.

"They won't get anything out of me," he snapped, with a sudden surge of emotion. "They're not going to mix anybody else up with this. I—"

He leaped from the chair, arms swung from his sides, head down. He moved toward the door, halting after a few steps, listening for it to come again, as though his brain were making sport of him. But it was repeated, and re-repeated, in a voice he could not mistake

"Jed—Jed Lawrence!"

"Here!" He had swung open the door and was staring outward. "Where are you—where are you? Call again, Mary!"

"Come help me, Jed!" It was over to the right, and he swung forward, buckling blindly against the drifts, shouting again and again, and then waiting for the response At last he bent, and his big arms encircling her, raised Mary Preston from the snow, cringing with sympathy as she cried out in a sudden excess of agony.

"You're hurt, Mary!" he exclaimed. "It was you, then! Oh, why did you try to come here!"

"It's just my knee." She said it bravely. "I came as far as I could with it. Raise your arm there, Jed—that's it. I started a slide—one of the big rocks—"

Suppressed Groan

HER words ceased in the suppression of a groan as Jed Lawrence moved swiftly toward the cabin. There he fumbled his way within, one great arm holding her as though she were a child, the other feeling his way before him At last a lamp flickered, and Jed Lawrence, his features lined and old, bent over the stove, lighting a fire.

"If I'd known it was you, Mary," he said dully; "I never thought—"

"Oh, I had to, Jed!" The girl turned painfully upon the bunk. "They came in the cabin—the sheriff and four men, and forced it out of me that you'd been there. Your tracks in the snow—there wasn't any way to explain them."

"They didn't follow me."

The girl shook her head.

"That's why I came, Jed I thought I could head you off by going through the big draw. But it's filled up with snow—I had to come back to your trail I was trying to go too fast, and didn't watch myself on the rocks. You must've heard it when the slide started—I just loosened one little rock, and everything seemed to give way"

"Yeh, I heard it," he said dully "Thought it was just the snow. I've got to get you down, some way, Mary Them ligaments must be tore—"

"No, it's just my knee, Jed It brushed against me—the slide you know And threw me over to one side My right foot was in a crevice—and it twisted my knee I'm glad it did, Jed You've got to go with me now!"

He looked at her.

"I wish you'd never come Mary."

Knows the Pass

"AND had them get you at the other side?" came the swift query. "Oh, don't you see, Jed? They had Kendall along He knows the pass as well as you do—the place where you'd come out. I heard them talking about it. They didn't even follow your tracks past the cabin. Kendall said he knew what you'd do—that you'd try to get out on the other side, and they started around to head you off They're not even worrying Jed The sheriff's going back to town as soon as he places his men. He knows they'll get you, that you're in a trap" She raised a hand "Don't you see what it means, Jed—for you to be caught running away? You'd never have a single chance of a defence—Judge Parker'd just—"

"There ain't goin' to be no defence anyway, Mary"

Cont. ed on Next Page.

A Great Gentleman Dispenses Justice

By MERRILL DENISON

SURELY nowhere in all Christendom can be found another police court in which there dwells such an atmosphere of gentle Christianity as that one in Winnipeg presided over by Sir Hugh John Macdonald.

On March 13 he entered the eightieth year of his life. A year ago friends all over the country waited with affectionate concern while he valiantly fought his way through a long illness that caused the amputation of one leg, and left the other what he describes as "a petty shambling sort of an affair."

Each morning that he sits in court he is carried in the strong arms of a policeman from his motor to a wheel chair, and later from it to the throne-like chair on the bench. His body is worn and fragile, and his face, against the red upholstery of the big chair, like a cameo carved in old ivory, but the restless blue eyes are those of a keen intelligence. The spirit here is much stronger than its frame.

For the most part his head rests against the red upholstery behind it, but no word spoken in the court room is lost to him. His eyes shift rapidly from one speaker to another, and when he leans forward to make a note in the book before him, it is during some pause in the proceedings. To each new witness he repeats the oath as if it was the first time he had ever sworn a witness, and there is a trace of wonder in his voice when he says the words, "So help you God." When he speaks it is with the courtesy and consideration of a great gentleman.

Watching him as he listened with infinite patience to the pitiful human dramas unfolded for his judgment, it was easy to understand the deep affection in which he is held from coast to coast. It would be impossible to come in contact with such a kindly, gentle soul and not be touched in some way.

As he sits on the bench, the resemblance to his father, the great Sir John A., is very marked, but it is not as startling as it must have been a few years ago, possibly before his long illness. The structure of the head is the same, with the same high forehead, the same intrepid nose, and the characteristic billow of hair rolling in a kind of splendid majesty above the collar. But the features are more delicately modelled, and the leonine quality of the old chieftain is not there. In its place is something perhaps finer—a certain valiant humility.

His hair refuses to turn white in spite of his seventy-nine years, and two ill-disciplined locks curl vagrantly above each ear. There is a sandy moustache framing thin, firm lips and the chin below them is firm. The marks of the long sickness can be seen but there is no trace of feebleness. The blue eyes, whose keenness belong to a much younger face, and the two pan-like locks of sandy hair, give to him something of an elfin appearance which is heightened by the rapidity with which he shifts his head when focussing his attention on a new speaker. From time to time his raised finger tips meet and his chin rests on his chest while he weighs some piece of evidence.

The picture he makes dwarfed by the big chair and the rounded niche behind it is so delicate, so fragile and yet so alive and interested that all who enter there must feel those generous promptings of tenderness which the strong must give the aged, and particularly for one who has fought so against ill-health.

An Altogether Unique Court

AS a rule the police court is not one of its institutions in which society can take undue pride. Most of them on this continent seem to have been built when architecture was at the lowest ebb in the history of the human race, and of which no better example is to be found anywhere than in the Toronto City Hall.

The municipal police court in that unlovely building is notoriously a disgrace, but it is not much worse or better than similar court rooms throughout America. The same vast expanses of grimy glass wage the same successful battle with the outside light in all of them. They are gloomy and depressing rooms filled with countless mean distresses like bats in a half-lit cavern, and by the very nature of their architectural misfortunes can never be kept clean. I've never known whether any attempt is ever made to clean a police court, but it would be wasted effort anyway.

They all seem survivals of the jungle, with none of the blessed indifference of the jungle when its kind are fed.

Sir Hugh John's court seems civilized. The main factors in making it so are those Christian qualities which radiate from the wasted figure on the bench. Gentleness, pity and consideration are there so tangibly that one feels their presence.

But other factors than the magistrate's personality help to give Sir Hugh John's courtroom the atmosphere that makes it unique. There is the room itself. It is on the second floor, simple, severe and square, but it is well lighted and the high windows are clean. Whether the sunlight actually shines through them, the effect from the snow-covered streets outside is one of light and spaciousness. There is no need for electric light.

The room is arranged in the manner handed down from the Roman courts of law. Behind the high bench is a rounded niche, domed above and painted a light blue. The witness box and prisoners' dock to the left and right. Before the dais is the clerk's desk and on the floor level in front of it a long table for counsel.

A railing separates the public space from the court proper and in front of it is a bench for those who have business with the court. The press sits at a small table near the witness box. A large door gives admission from the corridors, and two smaller ones on either side of the bench to the cells and to the magistrate's chambers.

Usually in police courts, the public and counsel are already assembled when the magistrate enters and takes his seat on the bench. Because of his operation last year, Sir Hugh John has been already carried to his chair before the doors are opened.

In the court is a strange feeling of serenity and peace. The procedure is orderly and quiet. There is no impression of haste or of a long docket to be ground through with all possible speed. The cases as they come up do not seem to be links in an unending chain of sordid happenings; a chain that has unwound drearily since the court began and will go on till the day it closes.

Each case has its own identity unrelated to those which went before and those which follow. One does feel he is watching the workings of a clumsy machine into whose hopper are poured human errors to be turned out as sentences at the other end. There is no cynicism there, no expendiency, nothing of callousness.

Sir Hugh John Macdonald

I wish to be clear in describing what effect the extraordinary gentleness and merciful understanding of this kind soul who presides in Winnipeg has in remaking what is to often a cruel and sordid institution.

There is nothing sentimental in Sir Hugh John's courtroom unless light, cleanliness, courtesy and gentleness are sentimental. It is not a court in which the criminal is treated as the injured victim of society. The judgments are very much as they are in other courts, but they are delivered with a detachment and a self respect that will not permit of either bitterness or vengefulness.

But for the first time in any courtroom I actually felt that the prisoner was considered innocent until proved guilty, and that on the bench was a mind that could never be tainted with any touch of meanness. Whether his sentences are wise and just, I do not know, but they seem pronouncements untinged with human meanness and holding much of human grandeur.

Unfailing Courtesy Toward All

IN a place where so much is due to the strength of a single personality, it is curious to note that this personality should seem both aloof and detached. His unfailing courtesy toward all, never changing, whomever he may address, has an affect of setting him apart and of making him a true arbiter between the State and the individual. Too often in police courts one is conscious of the necessary alliance between magistrate and crown attorney and between magistrate and the police. In Sir Hugh's courtroom, prisoner, counsel and police seem to stand on an equal footing.

The morning I was there there was a number of small cases. A boy charged with stealing spare tires from the back of automobiles. The prisoner was about eighteen. There appeared in his behalf a gentleman, he may have been a lawyer, who pleaded that this was the boy's first offence and that restitution had largely been made. The boy realized the seriousness of his offence, and the lesson he had already learned would have a satisfactory effort on him. In view of the modern desire to reform rather than to punish, would it not be better to allow this lad off on suspended sentence of a year or two's duration, than to commit him to jail and the association with more hardened criminals?

The crown attorney spoke next. He disagreed with his learned friend. Had the boy stolen but two or three tires the case would have a different complexion. In such circumstances he would be willing to allow him to go on suspended sentence. But no less than fourteen tires had been stolen, and the police had been caused a great deal of annoyance and trouble in locating them. In view of the circumstances he asked his worship to commit the boy for theft.

Sir Hugh listened to both men with serious attention. They might have been arguing a case of tremendous legal moment. To the magistrate it was apparently a case of tremendous human moment. Not a word did he miss, not a hint did he give that in his seventeen years on the bench he had heard thousands of such cases differing only in detail. It was not old stuff to him. For all I could tell he might have been trying his first case, with the sincere anxiety of such a time to discharge his duties properly and well.

When the crown attorney ceased speaking, Sir Hugh leaned forward, on his elbows on the desk and his hands clasped. He thought for an appreciable time, his gaze steadily in front of him.

"No, I will not do that," he said in a soft, quiet voice but one that carried easily through the room. "I am not going to commit this boy until I have thought more carefully about him. I am not satisfied in my mind as to what I should do, and I must ask a week until I have thought more fully about him." He turned to the prisoner, leaned forward, and spoke slowly that he might understand. There was perhaps a shade more of his natural courtesy when he spoke. "I am going to remand you for one week. Do you understand what that means?"

A domestic relations case followed. A wife had brought a husband to the court on a charge of non-support. He was a foreigner and told an involved story of how he had tried to obtain money, and of various breaks of bad luck that had left him without it. The man may have been telling the truth. His wife did not think so, but after one reproof from the magistrate she did not voice her skepticism again. Throughout this case Sir Hugh showed the same unending patience, and when he sternly explained to the man that he must bring witnesses to back up his statements, it was with the same courtesy.

A Life Spent in Public Service

LOOKING back over his past career, it seems that in some ways the gentleness of spirit, so pronounced now, may have robbed him of a life filled with richer rewards than he has won.

He was born in Kingston, Ontario, on March 13, 1850, the second son of Sir John A. and Lady Macdonald. In '66 he enlisted in the Prince of Wales' Own Rifles at the time of the Fenian Raid. He graduated from the University of Toronto in 1869, and the following year received a commission as an ensign in the 1st Company of the Ontario Rifles which was a part of the Lord Wolseley expedition to the Red River Rebellion in 1870.

Returning to Toronto with the majority of the expedition, he was called to the bar in 1872 and became a partner with his father in the law firm of Patton and Macdonald. When first in the West he was very much impressed by the country, and although his position as the son of the Premier would have gained for him any post he might have cared to accept in the East, he preferred to go into the new country and settle there.

He was first married in Toronto in 1876 to Jean King, and following her death in '81 to Agnes Gertrude, the daughter of S. J. Van Koughnet, Q.C., of Toronto.

His father's political battles up to 1870 had given him a great distaste for public life, and he preferred to keep out of politics. Returning to Winnipeg in '81 he was called to the Manitoba Bar, and in '85 his great sense of patriotic duty drew him again into the army, this time as a captain in the 90th Battalion Winnipeg Rifles, with which unit he went to Saskatchewan to take part in the second Riel Rebellion. There he was under fire at Fish Creek and Batoche.

His first entry into politics was in 1891 when he was elected to the House of Commons for Winnipeg after a hard campaign in which he defeated a lifelong friend, Isaac Campbell. Many stories are told of these two old comrades bitterly opposing the efforts of their own supporters to inject into the campaign the violent personalities which were the life and breath of political warfare in the nineties.

There followed five years of service at Ottawa when he was called to the Privy Council as Minister of the Interior, but he resigned from the Federal Cabinet in July of the same year when the Tupper Government was defeated.

Anxious to escape from politics he returned to Winnipeg, but his strong sense of loyalty and the desire to help anyone who needed help made him listen to the importunities of party friends, with the result that he was chosen leader of the Conservative party, and in December, 1899, led it to victory in the Manitoba House. In July, 1900, he took office as Premier of the Legislature, Attorney-General, Municipal Commissioner and Commissioner of Railways.

Again heeding the call of friends he resigned that office in October to contest Brandon in the Dominion elections and was defeated by Clifford Sifton. He retired to private practice, until December 18, 1911, when he was appointed Police Magistrate for Winnipeg, a position he has continually held, with the exception of the period when he was so ill, until the present time. In 1913 he was knighted, and seldom has that honor met with more whole-hearted approval throughout the country, than when it was bestowed on him.

Before long now Sir Hugh John will probably retire, and if anybody ever deserved tranquility and rest as a scant reward for a life spent in the public service, it is he. With him will probably disappear the most unusual police court on this continent, and there will grow up around it a fragrant legend of it as it was under the great gentleman.

A Pair of Skis—A Story of Faith and Love - - - -

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
Illustrated by Rex Maxon

Continued from Preceding Page

"But you've got to make one, Jed! You couldn't have done it, without—"

"It's my business what I did." He stood watching the fire. "I've got to get you down, some way. Them skis up there—but I ain't got my knife. It's—down in town."

"I've got mine, Jed."

She twisted painfully, and reached for the scabbard at her belt. Jed Lawrence went slowly beside her, holding forth a hand. The girl looked up curiously.

"What's the matter with your right hand?" she asked.

"Nothin'. I just don't ever use it with a knife."

He took the blade from her, and tested its edge. Then, with the lamp at his shoulder, he sat before the stove, a ski-wood braced between his knees, whittling at its rounded end. There came a voice from the bed.

"I never knew you were left-handed, Jed."

The Injured Hand

"OH, I ain't," he said, "except when it comes to a knife. 'Member, three years ago, when I was cutting timbers for the Mammoth Mine? I got my wrist jammed." He held forth his right hand, striving to cup it. "Don't know what happened. Only, when I get my hand in this position, it won't hold anything. Must've weakened somethin'. All right other ways."

Then he went back to his whittling. An hour passed in the soft sound of steel against wood. At last he looked up.

"Funny, ain't it?" he asked, with a break in his voice. "Me sittin' here whittlin'? You over there in the bunk, watchin' me. Just like I'd never killed anybody."

"How did you do it, Jed?" Jed Lawrence flared.

"I thought we wasn't going to talk about that!"

"I didn't mean that way, Jed. What'd you do—just how'd you hit him, Jed?"

"I—I don't know, Mary. Unless,"—he rose and placed the knife in his own empty scabbard,—"unless, just as I was goin' down, I reached back like this and grabbed my knife and sent it straight out—"

The girl raised herself to her elbow.

"But the sheriff said the wound was on the other side."

"Well, I don't know, Mary. Maybe it was—I don't remember it happenin' at all. If it was on the other side, I must've brought my arm around, over my head like, and sent my knife into him that way on the down-stroke."

"Why, Jed?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mary." A sudden petulance had come into his tone. "A person don't figure them things, do they?"

She stared at the ceiling.

"I suppose not, Jed. That first ski's finished, isn't it?"

"Except for the foot straps. Guess I can get enough off them snowshoes. Leg hurtin' pretty bad?"

"I can stand it, Jed."

Whining of the Wind

SILENCE again, except for the whining of the wind. At last he looked up. Mary Preston had asked another question.

"Who was it, Jed, that opened the door when you were fighting?"

"I don't know, Mary. Guess it wasn't anybody. If 'twas, they'll show up to testify on me."

"I guess so, Jed." She said it hopelessly, then, with sudden rebellion: "Oh, Jed, if you'd just make some defence!"

"For what? To drag other folks into things that don't make no difference nohow? I killed him—ain't that enough? And you——" He suddenly rose and stalked to her side. "You're goin' to keep your mouth shut, you understand? About—about what you told me this mornin'. I ain't going to have things said about you. Have people pointin' you out as the woman that was—was sweet on a fellow that killed somebody. Nobody knows it but me—and nobody ain't goin' to know it. I've killed a man, Mary. And I ain't goin' to have nobody mixed in it but me."

"But won't you tell me why, Jed?" she begged.

"It ain't nobody's business but mine."

"Jed, if I ask you one question, will you answer me?"

"You ain't asked it."

"Was all this about a letter?"

He fenced desperately.

"All—all this what?"

"This quarrel. Was it, Jed? About a letter that Brad said he was going to put out on Thornton?"

The ski clattered to the floor.

"You keep them questions to yourself!" Jed snapped.

Ready at Last

THEN he returned to his labors, the founding of the ski-points, the cutting away of the rough spots, the scraping of the buttons to gliding smoothness, the fastening of refractory straps. At last he rose.

"If you're ready, Mary," he said. "Storm's clearin'. Just looked out. Moon shinin' through a little. We can take the long way round. Be swift goin' with these skis."

He wropped her coat about her, and then, affixing his skis, stumbled across the floor and raised the girl, trembling with pain that his action caused her. Then to the awkward task of his exit. A few minutes later, on the hummock at the top of the ridge, the breaking moon showed the hulking form of a big man, gliding swiftly upon home-made skis, with a burden in his arms.

Hours of toil, of weariness, of clumsy tenderness, of silence. Paling stars, and the beginning of the last descent. Dawn, and a knock upon the door of the sheriff's house.

"I guess you want me," said Jed Lawrence to the sleepy-eyed man who faced him. "They told me up at the hospital that you'd just come back."

The sherriff nodded.

"Yes. Just been talking to 'em. They said you'd brought Mary Preston down. Hurt bad?"

"Strained ligaments. Guess she's be all right." Jed said it prosaically in the dullness of utter tragedy. As prosaically he obeyed the man to whom he had surrendered and, when the cell door had closed, he viewed the steel bars about him with the blankness of one from whom all rebellion had departed.

An hour passed. Jed Lawrence found the hospital doctor at his cell, for what reason he did not know.

"Here, put your right hand through the bars. Farther—up to the elbow. That's right."

Doctor's Examination

THE doctor concluded his examination and went away. Jed Lawrence pulled his arm and stared at it.

"I ought've told him," he mumbled. "It was the other hand I done it with."

By and by the under-sheriff came.

"Better put on your coat, Jed," he said, handing it through the bars. "The sheriff's telephoned for you. He's down the street."

They went forth into the crispness of the morning. At last they reached a big building and passed within. A door opened and Jed Lawrence saw features of Mary Preston above the white coverings of the cot within. He drew back in sudden panic.

"I ain't going in there," he rebelled. "There wasn't nobody mixed up in this but——"

There he halted, mouth agape. A voice had come from within, petulantly answering a question from the sheriff.

"What's Thornton Luce doing here?" he asked sharply.

The under-sheriff evaded his question.

"Get in there!" came his suddenly gruff command. Jed Lawrence obeyed; there was nothing else to do. Frankly he took the place designated for him, staring from the determined eyes of Mary Preston to the pasty-faced Thornton Luce, and beyond him to the sheriff and the district attorney, who approached a self-accused man and shot a question.

"Now, Mr. Lawrence, what happened when you were fighting with Brad Masters?"

"Why"—he stared from one to another—"I guess I stuck my knife——"

"I don't mean that. You told Miss Preston something about turning your head. Why did you do it?"

"Why, I heard a door open."

"Was that before or after the killing?"

"Why—why, before. I was just goin' down. Brad'd hit me a pretty hard one."

"And then what?"

"I don't know." He spread his hands. "Except that I must've knifed him then."

"How?"

"Why——" The man rose and sent his left hand to his hip. "I guess I yanked out my knife this way and brought it over and around so's to plant it in his side."

The district attorney turned.

"Was that what you saw, Mr Luce?" he asked, and Jed Lawrence straightened. So there had been a witness! The pasty-faced man stirred.

"Exactly—exactly," he said.

The District Attorney

THE district attorney turned again to Jed Lawrence. "Your friend, Mr Luce, has been a very unwilling witness. In fact, it wasn't until we had found a man who saw him going toward Masters' pool-hall that he would admit that he'd seen anything. He insisted that he didn't know anything about it until he came along later with some other people. What were you fighting about? Was it a letter?"

But Jed Lawrence answered defiantly.

"I've said enough," he mumbled.

The door opened, the hospital doctor handed a slip of paper to the district attorney, who passed it quickly to the sheriff and then to Mary Preston. And now came the voice of the district attorney.

"Mr Luce, you heard the prisoner describe the blow as he thought he must have struck it. You said it was the blow you had seen. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then how do you account for the fact that a doctor's examination shows two things—first, that the prisoner cannot handle a knife with his right hand, and second, that the blow that killed Brad Masters could not have been struck by a left-handed man?"

"Why, I don't——"

"That the blow that a left-handed person would have used must have sent the knife into him upside down, instead of the way that it was found?"

"How should I be expected to know about that?"

"And that further, this fight was over a letter Brad Masters had received from your deserted wife in carrying out a promise to Miss Preston that he had evidence to support suspicions that she had entertained about you. And that this letter had been found where it fell, behind a radiator and remained concealed there, in spite of your search for it."

"I don't know anything about it."

A Witness

"NO?" Jed Lawrence saw the district attorney shake a finger in slow emphasis. "Very well, Mr. Luce. We have a witness who saw you go to the pool-hall. We have the indisputable evidence that this blow was struck by a right-handed man. We know that Miss Preston has suspected you of being too oily and smooth to be real, and that Brad Masters believed he could show you up as an unworthy man. We know that Miss Preston asked him to do it, first because she wanted to be sure of her own dislike, and secondly, so that she could have an irrefutable argument with which to break the friendship Lawrence here seemed to have for you. We know that Brad Masters and Jed Lawrence fought over this letter, which is in the sheriff's possession. And it will not be very hard to prove that you came along as they were fighting, leaped into the room as Lawrence was going down, struck the blow that killed Brad Masters, and left this man to believe he had done it."

Thornton Luce raised a hand to his dry lips. "You've got it to prove."

"We will—with the motive of making a murderer of a man whom Mary Preston had told you she loved and of clearing a path for yourself—of putting out of the way a person who held evidence against you."

"Prove it, then!" came the repeated answer. The district attorney smiled.

"That is easier than you think," he said. "You see, Luce, you didn't think fast enough when you killed Brad Masters. You struck the blow first with your own knife. Then you drove Lawrence's blade into the wound to take the place of your own. We've just had an autopsy—it shows that one knife was withdrawn and another substituted, making two distinct wounds, one inside the other. And, too," he concluded, "we've examined your knife in the ashpit behind your house. You didn't clean it as well as you thought—there was still a stain or two of fresh blood against the hilt."

Thornton Luce strove for a moment to maintain his look of denial that had blazed in his eyes throughout the accusation. But it wavered. And then he slumped forward in silent confession. With that, a dazed man rose—a man who had called himself a murderer. He turned, his arms outstretched. "You knowed it, didn't you, Mary—that's why you kept on askin' questions when I was making them skis—making me tell you things——"

The room blurred, vague figures were moving. Voices whispered; a door opened. And Jed Lawrence found that he was on his knees, and that brown eyes were looking into his own, eyes of faith that had seen, even when his own were blinded.

A Case in Point

A WELL-KNOWN author was being put through a searching interrogation by a rather garrulous acquaintance.

"Don't you ever feel that eventually a day will come when you will have written yourself out?" continued his persecutor. "Have you ever thought that, when that happens, you will have to find another means of earning your living?"

The author was at a loss for a minute or two.

"But, my dear lady," he said, "such an idea is fallacious. In your own case, you have been talking for forty years and haven't talked yourself out, have you?"

Mrs Mugg—She considers herself a most exclusive person, doesn't she?

Mrs Wugg—My dear, the creature even sings duets alone.

Suburb and Country

Agriculture is a first principle: on it rests the life and happiness of mankind.—Julian A. Dimock

B.C. Sheep Industry, 1928

GEO. C. HAY, Director, Canadian Co-Operative Wool Growers, Ltd., for B. C.

THE achievements in the practice of sheep raising in recent years in British Columbia together with the wonderful possibilities for expansion and development of industry, have been so impressively brought to the attention of the public that today the Province can record a sheep population of 170,255 as compared with 62,247 in 1925, and at the same time witness an ever-increasing desire on the part of established landowners and newcomers to engage in what is believed to be a fundamentally sound agricultural practice.

Too frequently provincial and national agricultural problems arise through lack of vision or adherence to a proper policy in development of a particular commodity or business, and in this respect it is natural to expect that with its development the sheep industry in British Columbia will not be without its difficult questions of public importance from time to time.

Attention to a proper provincial sheep policy at the present stage of the industry's development is not only likely to avoid many future difficulties, but is most important in realising that continued steady and permanent development which is expected and hoped for.

Such a policy might be considered under the following two heads:

1. Orderly production and marketing of lambs in accordance with supply and demand.

2. The economic grading and marketing of wool.

Sheep are raised for two purposes, namely, the production of meat and wool. In most countries, and in Western Canada particularly, meat production is considerably more important; the annual revenue from a ewe being in the approximate proportion of $10 worth of lamb to $2 worth of wool. With an annual consuming home market for lamb, easily approximately 100,000 head as compared with an annual provincial production of 74,000 head, and with an almost totally undeveloped home or Western market for Canadian wool, it is readily seen that lamb production will continue for many years to be the most important end of the business as far as the sheep raiser is concerned. We shall, therefore, consider the most important phase of the subject first.

It is a generally recognized fact that the main governing factor in all agricultural market values is supply and demand. True, there are other factors which enter from time to time and which may manipulate prices to a certain extent, but these are temporary and of minor importance. Orderly marketing in accordance with demand helps to stabilise markets and gives greatest satisfaction to the whole trade; and, since the lambs, before they are marketed, belong to the producers, orderly marketing therefore, becomes a producers' problem. Up to the present it would appear that little, if any, action has been taken by producers to regulate their lambs to market in accordance with demand. On the other hand, it would appear that the big proportion of sheep raisers are independently breeding their ewes in the Fall to have lambs for market the following Fall. As a consequence, we find the very large proportion of the British Columbia lamb crop marketed during the months of September, October and November, to the inconvenience of the trade and the financial loss to the producer. In other words, we find British Columbia during the past season with a lamb consumption of approximately 100,000 head and a production of only about 74,000 head, registering about 2c per pound reduction in price during the Fall rush when the market supply is in excess of the demand. With the ever-increasing production of lamb, it would appear desirable to give considerable thought and adherence to a policy of orderly production and marketing of lambs. The varied natural conditions of the Province, geographical and climatic, are such as to better lend British Columbia to a production and marketing policy than perhaps any other province in Canada.

Approximately 32 per cent of our sheep population is located in the Fraser Valley and on Vancouver Island and the Gulf Islands, where the season and climatic conditions are favorable to the production of lambs early enough to have them marketed at the economic market weight of around eighty-five pounds by August 15, after which date the upper country lambs, due to later season, are expected to appear on the market. It is questionable whether raising Winter or "hothouse" lambs is as profitable as having the lambs drop on the grass or in early Spring. This, of course, depends largely on the available housing accommodation, feed, etc., necessary to the successful production of early or Winter lambs.

While a good proportion of early lamb raising is desirable in a provincial production policy, nevertheless, this is not likely to become a very general practice, since the Coast season is early enough to have lambs drop on the grass around the latter part of March or early part of April, and in four months' time market them at the desirable weight of eighty-five pounds, thus realising the top market price before the middle of August, when the Upper Country lambs are appearing on the market in goodly numbers. It would appear to be good provincial policy to advocate the breeding of our thirty-two per cent sheep population as found on the Islands and Mainland so as to have the lambs from these parts of the Province marketed before August 15, after which date lambs will be coming in ever-increasing numbers from the Interior, where the provincial increase in sheep population is largely being registered and will continue to expand on account of mountain Summer ranges now being brought into use.

The successful sheep raisers of the Coast and Island sections today are those who have their lambs marketed before the usual season drop in price. Those who sell later in competition with the Upper Country or Prairie ranchers are bound to be less successful, and will be more so as time goes on and the Interior volume of lamb increases.

In the present expansion of the industry, sheep ranching in the interior of the Province is playing the most important part. This is on account of the available mountain range in recent years being brought into use during the Summer months. For practical reasons, e.g., taking advantage of short grazing season, the long trailing, etc., sheep ranchers must continue to sell the bulk of their lamb crop after the first or middle of August. The domestic or farm flock master is differently situated and should govern his operations so as not to clash on the market with his fellow producer, the rancher, and who, on account of economical production, is better able to sell on a cheaper market than the small flock master whose cost of production is much greater.

A rough survey of the 1928 provincial sheep situation shows:

1. Provincial yearly consumption, 100,000 head.

2. Provincial yearly lamb production, 74,000 head;

3. Thirty-two per cent of the sheep population located in the Fraser Valley Mainland, Vancouver Island and Gulf Islands, as compared with 68 per cent located in the Interior and balance of the Province.

4. Fifty per cent of the sheep population in range flocks as compared with 50 per cent in domestic or farm flocks.

From the above it would appear to be sound provincial policy to advocate: That since 50 per cent of our annual lamb production is from the range flocks and which, on account of practical reasons, must be marketed late enough in the season to have had advantage of the Summer range, the other 50 per cent should be marketed earlier, and thereby regulate the movement of lambs to market in accordance with demand.

The question of grading and marketing wool economically has received considerable attention and we have recorded much progress in this country during the last ten years. A review of the season of 1928 presents a successful business record second to no other year in the history of the organization. This is particularly the case in British Columbia. Prices for both wool and lamb have been most remunerative, the wool clip averaging anywhere from 5 to 25 per cent above 1927 values, dependent, of course upon grade, and lamb prices have been equal to those of a year ago. There seems to be an increasing tendency on the part of grain growers to add sheep to their farm operations, and it is particularly marked throughout the four Western provinces. The sheep population of Canada, and the West in particular, is greater than a year ago, owing to the fact that the natural female increase has for the most part either been retained in the old flocks or sold for the establishment of new flocks rather than finding its way to the packing plants through the usual commercial channels. A few of the larger sheep owners in Southern Alberta have, it is true, sold part or all of their holdings, but the stock thus disposed of has been readily absorbed in various parts of Canada. For instance, it is estimated that at least 5,000 head of breeding ewes have been taken into British Columbia from the Prairies this Fall, an indication of the rapid development that has taken place in the sheep industry of the Province during the past three or four years.

Perhaps the major development of interest in the Canadian wool and woolen industries during the year just closed is the importance being attached to them by our governments, both Provincial and Dominion, and the co-ordination of their effort with that of other related organizations. The National Research Council has been taking a most active part in this interest, and it is highly significant that this Dominion organization and the Minister of Trades and Commerce have agreed to the establishment of a wool research department in the new research laboratories now being planned in Ottawa under the direction of Dr. H. M. Tory. Such a move cannot fail to be an important factor in developing wool production and manufacture in the Dominion. Then too, it is hoped that through the Research Council some policy may eventually be evolved whereby the sheep ranchers of the West can be given some guidance and assistance in their sheep-breeding work. Our flocks have undoubtedly been improved of late through the use of better sires, but certainly the maximum results have not yet been attained. Our wool clip is good, but surely if Australian sheep owners, aided by their government, can raise the average wool clip from four and a half to eight pounds in the short space of a few years, there is abundant hope that we in Canada can do much in the same direction.

Reviewing the wool market, greater activity in buying the Canadian clip at points of production was experienced this season than for the past several years, due to the advancing prices in the early part of the wool season. As is very often the outcome under similar circumstances, prices in the country in some instances were carried to a point beyond the actual selling market to the mill trade. This situation had eventually to correct itself which it did by a normal decline in values the latter part of the shearing season. This decline also had its effect in a decided lessening of the buying activity, for the obvious reason that when buyers found they could not turn their purchases over at a profit or experience a loss, buying limits were immediately reduced or else withdrawn altogether.

Another effect of the early price movement was that immediately following the market entered a period of dullness with prices more or less nominally maintained, but with the actual demand for wool at a low ebb. It would seem that wool generally advanced to a price basis beyond which the mills could convert the finished product at a profit. However, this may be, it was apparent that the mills everywhere more or less stopped buying during the Summer months.

Meanwhile, the wool trade, in an endeavor to develop some business, was gradually marking wools down, and all of this was again reflected in the opening of the London sales in September, when prices were down 10 per cent as compared with the previous July sales, and an additional 5 per cent at the close of the same sales as compared with the opening.

The Canadian clip handled by the Canadian Co-operative has again this year found its way into many of the chief wool markets of the world, including Canada, United States, England and Continental points. Some of our best business this year has originated with our Canadian mills. The export trade has at times been disappointing because of the long periods of quietness; at other times heavy weights of wool have moved both to England and to the United States.

The demand for wool centred itself this past season chiefly on the medium grades, and below, and it is on these grades that the most marked improvement in price over the 1927 season has occurred. Strictly fine wool has ruled on or about the same level as for the previous season. All other grades have ruled on the average several cents per pound higher in 1928 than in 1927, and which as a whole must be taken as generally satisfactory to wool producers in Canada.

During the year the growers' organization was able to gain and apply lower freight rates on wool originating west of the Great Lakes to Atlantic seaboard for export. A good deal of attention has been given to rates on western wool via Vancouver and the Panama. However, all things considered, and with the lower ocean rates gained last year, it is more economical to the Western sheepman to have his wool carried through to Weston. Again, there is the added advantage of three markets, namely, Canada, England and the United States.

Consideration has also been given during the year to the possibility of successfully developing the market for wool in Japan. Samples of various types of Canadian wools have been placed with the largest of the Japanese wool importing houses, and the interest of the Canadian Trade Commissioner in Japan secured in this same direction.

The recent progress of the sheep industry in British Columbia is only what should be expected and is in line with the general industrial progress of the Pacific Coast. It is only natural to expect that in the next few years, with Western industrial development, we will witness a change from the present movement of Western wool eastward to a home and export market at the Pacific Coast.

British Columbia Cow-Testers' Association

Supervisors of the associations attending the Western Canada Dairy Convention held in Vancouver during February last. Top row, left to right: G. G. Grimes (Chilliwack Route 1); A. S. Dixon (Chilliwack Route 2); A. E. Lefroy (Chilliwack Route 2); Wm. E. Hooson (Okanagan); Wm. Rose (Langley); R. A. Wilson (Sumas-Matsqui); G. H. Medd (Richmond-Ladner). Bottom row, left to right: D. S. Heelas (Pitt Meadows-Maple Ridge); T. G. M. Clarke (Comox Valley); G. H. Thornberry (Asst. in Charge C. T. Work Provincial Dairy Branch); J. E. Manning (Bulkley Valley); H. C. Clark (Surrey). There are now nine cow-testing associations within the Province of British Columbia, employing eleven supervisors. These associations each receive an average of $50 per month as a subsidy from the Provincial Department of Agriculture. The supervisors make regular monthly visits to the herds owned by the three hundred members in leading dairy sections. Their work includes the weighing and testing for butterfat the milk from approximately 5,000 individual cows. At the same time, record is kept of the feed consumed by each animal during the month.

Lumber Statistics

STRANGE statistics appear on lumber production. Oregon, Washington, Utah, Wyoming and other frontiers show large decreases, supposedly denuded old States like Delaware, Massachusetts and Rhode Island report increases of eighteen to seventy-eight per cent.

For the Pigkeeper

THE habit of rooting is always a cause of annoyance at this time of the year. On rough land it does no harm, but on a good pasture it is a real nuisance. Rooting varies among different strains of pigs and is nearly always worse among those animals that have been kept shut up in sties most of their lives. If a sow is well rung and her litter is allowed to run out from birth, you will not, as a rule, be much troubled with rooting. But if you find the piglings busy turning over the turf, you may be sure your method of feeding is at fault.

Either the piglings or the sow herself will probably be suffering from mineral starvation, and if you put a few pinches of powdered chalk and ordinary table salt in the meal mixture daily and provide a heap of coal slack or wood ashes you will find an improvement straight away. Make the meal mixture as varied as possible by including five or six different ingredients, and let one of them be white fish meal in the proportion of not more than ten per cent of the ration.

It looks as if another fall in the pig population will come soon. Many people have lately given up pigkeeping, and the markets for some time past have been overloaded with pigs with the result that, as usual, poor prices have been made worse. As we have so often proved in the past, the slump time is the right moment to go in for pigs or to increase your stock of them. Do not rush in blindly and take silly risks, but just use your eyes and ears for yourself. We shall be surprised if you do not come across a real bargain such as a nice type of in-pig sow.

In Cheapest Way

MAKE up your mind to do everything for your pigs in the cheapest way. That is to say, keep them out at grass all through the Summer, simply providing rough shelters for sleeping quarters. If the pasture is not already fenced, take particular care that an enclosure is made absolutely secure, as otherwise you will certainly have trouble with neighbors, and that, quicker than anything, will make you turn against pigkeeping.

Do you keep a medicine chest for your pigs? Not that we want you to think that you need to run a sort of drug store and to dose your pigs with all the chemicals to be found in the average dispensary. Some pigkeepers make the mistake of relying upon drugs to correct their mistakes in management and feeding which, of course, is foolish. But when properly used drugs are a valuable stand-by and may easily be the means of saving the loss of valuable animals. A medicine chest should contain carbolic acid or other disinfectant, a tin of Stockholm tar, which is invaluable for wounds, a bottle of linseed oil, a little castor oil, about half a pound of Epsom salts, a few ounces of sulphur, a supply of worm powders and a small bottle of iodine. In addition, you will no doubt have several bottles, which should each be carefully labled, containing small quantities of various medicine mixtures obtained in the past for particular pig patients.

Vitamins

VITAMINS play a big part in successful pig feeding, and you can easily prove this for yourself. Shut a fattening pig in a sty and feed it only on ground grain, giving no fish meal and no green stuff. Very soon the pig will go lame and lose appetite—the symptoms of vitamin starvation. Then give three or four tablespoons a day of cod liver oil and plenty of green food, and you will soon see the marvelous difference. So the moral is: Do not stint your pigs of those foods that have been proved to supply these much-needed vitamins.

Maize meal has the advantage of being cheap now and, provided it is used in moderation, it makes a valuable pig food. There is a good deal of adulteration in maize meal, however, and the cheaper it sells the more likely are we to meet with bad samples. Therefore be on your guard and particularly watch for meal that is at all damp, as there have been numerous cases brought to light of considerable quantities of water being added to make the meal weigh heavier. Although maize and barley are similar in composition, they have a different effect on the quality of the carcase, and many feeders prefer not to use more than one-fifth of maize meal in any pig ration. Even when there is a considerable difference in price in favor of maize meal, it still pays to use a small proportion of barley meal because of the quality it imparts to the carcase.

A great many pigs suffer from what is called "itch," a disease due to mites similar to those that cause mange in horses and cattle and scab in sheep. Usually the first sign of it is that the pigs are always rubbing themselves. Round the ears and eyes red patches appear, followed by scabs which become dirty, while the skin gets thickened and wrinkled. The mites soon spread to other parts of the body. The only way to attack this disease successfully is to clean and disinfect every place where the mites can shelter. All bedding must be burnt and the walls and fittings brushed, scrubbed and sprayed with strong disinfectant. If possible, the sties should then be left vacant for at least six weeks. A good dressing for the pigs themselves is made of a mixture of two pounds of sulphur in one gallon of rape oil, half the body being done one day and the other half the next day. Five days later the scales should be scraped off as much as possible without tearing the skin, and then another dressing applied. Two more dressings may be necessary before the mites are all killed.

Rabbits

AT what age can a young doe be mated? The question is far more often asked than satisfactorily answered. And even now we do not propose to answer that question. If you put it, "At what age should a young doe be mated?" that is a different matter. The factor which, first and foremost, has the greatest influence upon the age at which reproduction may be allowed is the manner in which the rabbit has been reared. Correct feeding—the provision of substances from which an animal can obtain all the ingredients necessary to enable it to make the most rapid growth possible—results in what is called early maturing. That is to say, the rabbits reach their full growth at about five months old, and as soon as maturity is reached there is no object in preventing them from breeding. Long ere this, however, young rabbits will breed if allowed to. Rabbits born in January and February will sometimes come in season at three and a half to four months old. Despite the belief of some investigators that young does will often mate one or two months before they are capable of breeding, it is our experience with well-fed animals that they have always proved fertile when accidentally or deliberately mated at such early ages.

It comes to this, therefore, that if the breeder has some very well-grown young does, animals which for all practical purposes are fully grown, there is no need to prevent them from breeding merely because they are only five months old. It is not age, but development, which must be taken into consideration. In the case of novices, however, who have bought a forward young doe and are breeding from her for the first time at an early age, it is necessary to offer a reminder that young mothers can hardly be fed too well. If they are allowed to sink in condition while rearing their litter, their future breeding value will be doubtful.

Garden Week by Week

By NORMAN W. F. RANT, F.R.H.S.

IF you are going to do some planting this Spring, here are some don'ts.

Don't spot shrubs about in the grass all over your lawn. They won't grow well, seldom look nice, and are almost impossible to keep up. A few choice specimens, such as flowering crabs, may sometimes be used on the lawn near the boundaries.

Don't plant nursery stock in rows like a nursery.

Don't expect a border two feet wide to give results unless you are trying to grow a hedge.

Don't space shrubs out at the distance apart they ought to be when full-grown. You will get tired of hoeing them and waiting for them to grow long before you grow old enough to enjoy them. Much better to plant them closer together and thin them out later on, if it is necessary in your lifetime.

Don't bury your choicest shrubs at the back of the border. If you do this you will be calling up your nurseryman and asking why they won't bloom.

Don't try to put every variety you ever heard of into a border fifty feet by six.

Don't blame the nurseryman when you neglect to tramp the soil firmly round the roots of the trees and shrubs you are planting.

Wise Birds

A LONDON report is to the effect that wild birds in the Old Country have instituted a sort of police force among themselves for protection against electric wires. When trolley wires first became popular in England the mortality among the small wild birds was very large, but electric engineers have noted a steady decrease in bird mortality from this cause, suggesting that each generation has more and more developed the instinct to avoid wires. It is even declared that in some sections certain birds play the part of traffic policemen, to prevent other birds from settling upon high-power wires.

One cannot disbelieve the story, because wild birds often show a great amount of reasoning power, which is much more than the domestic hen does.

If only bugs could be taught to act in the same manner, what a lot of hard feeling and bad language would be saved. Think of what a blessing it would be if one could put a can of Black Leaf "40" in the middle of the rose bed and be sure that if the bugs saw it they would pass us by!

As a matter of fact, very few insects have any brains when it comes to saving themselves. They will come back again and again to the charge, like so many fanatical savages. A few of the beetles do show reasoning powers by dropping to the ground and lying motionless when disturbed at night.

A New Treasure

THE new perennial Gypsophila "Bristol Fairy" is much talked about, and many people ask whether it can be grown from seed. The answer is no. This particular Gypsophila cannot be grown even from cuttings, as far as the writer is informed, but must be grafted upon the ordinary Gypsophila penneculata. It was originated by the Bristol Nurseries at Bristol, Conn., U.S.A., and is said to have been a chance seedling.

There is, however, a double Gypsophila which can be grown from seed but, unfortunately, it only produces a very small percentage of double plants, the rest being single. The reason for this is that the double plant does not set seed and, like stocks, one has to save single plants to get seed at all. Of course, the seed is saved from single plants which have grown in a batch which has produced a large percentage of doubles, in exactly the same way as seed of stocks is grown.

So many people have been asking whether there is any better corn for small gardens than the popular Golden Bantam. The answer is no. Many other kinds have been brought out with many claims, but for one reason or another none of them has proved so generally useful as a good strain of Golden Bantam. Be sure and get a good strain, because corn, like other plants, is apt to go back unless the seed is carefully selected from the best ears.

The McTavish pea is one of the best peas for gardens in Victoria. The writer has grown it year after year with nothing but the very best results. It is not as early as some and is not a dwarf. That is, it is better for sticking, but it is a pea with a very fine flavor and is a very heavy cropper. It is interesting to note that the pea was originated by Mr. McTavish, of Victoria, the well-known gladiolus grower.

Tipping the Raspberries

YOU will get more and better berries from raspberry canes in Summer if you practice "tipping" at this time of the year. By "tipping" we mean cutting off the top six inches or so of each cane. You can take a foot or more off the very long, spindly canes, sufficient, in fact, to stiffen them so they will stand upright, unsupported. But stiff, stocky canes need no more than three or four inches removed from each. The idea behind "tipping" is to make the buds break freely and send out plenteous short fruiting laterals to provide a really worth-while crop of best grade berries. "Tipping" applies to Summer fruiting raspberry canes only, of course—but includes the yellow berried varieties.

Women Riders

NOTWITHSTANDING European preoccupation with air travel, two women, one from Paris and one from Stockholm, lately rode horseback across the Continent to Rome, and three Fascist youths have undertaken to cross Asia on army mounts.

Novel Effects In New Coats and Gowns

Flares Gravitate to the Afternoon Mode

MAJORITY rules apply very much to the ultimate success of tentative fashions. Because of this, the popular acceptance of the straight line for informal daytime apparel rather forces the couturier world to relegate the flare conspicuously to afternoon raiment.

It might be sweeter to phrase it otherwise, but then we would be blinding ourselves to the truth that mobmindedness is a great and vital influence in swaying fashions, and it is a rumble along the rails to which designers and stylists are forced to bend their ears.

Women have thought well past the fear of stardardization in dress, for well they know by this time that so many styles created in so many moods and in such numberless shades and tones of color permit a free play of fancy in the expression of individuality.

Or might one say that women have entirely lost their fear of standardization? Be all that as it may, come Spring, the tendency will swing in favor of straight lines for daytime wear and gentle or exaggerated flares for the afternoon mode. Whatever the pressure, feminine indifference in regard to anything but the straight line for day wear, or any other factor, couturiers have accepted this and generally agreed upon it in focusing their attention on the time and the place for fulness.

Afternoon frocks of recent Parisian designing have some sort of circular line at the back, side or front, but rarely does this extend all the way around. Plain fabrics, self trimmed, are the most effectively decorative.

When the dress takes on flared sophistication the bodice is of supple, loose cut, the waistline fairly low and the neckline generally open and collarless, although sometimes softened by a scarf. Straight hemlines outnumber those which dip, yet the dip usually is somewhat conservative.

This, then, sums up the interesting points of the modish afternoon frock—graciously flared and exquisitely simple—well illustrated by the black satin model from Jeanne Lanvin interpreted along princess lines. Self cording outlines the uneven hemline and the neck is brightened by a scarf in tricolor of red, black and white, worn as shown in a bow or left loose.

Black broadcloth is used so often for the afternoon coat that the terms are almost synonymous And such a coat frequently is flared or circular in treatment, posed from a moulded hipline. In fact, all fulness is placed well below the hips—almost at the knees.

Wide fur cuffs and a huge fur collar high in the back and on the shoulders complete the picture as in the model shown from Jane Regny, distinguished by five rows of stitching to form a hip yoke and a border

Knitted Things for Tots

PERHAPS because they can be washed knitted garments are coming more and more popular for the younger child and that of school age. The general effect is particularly charming for the juvenile, being neat at all times and enduring abandoned play.

Washable jersey fabric—and this tubbing quality is guaranteed—is used for one of these brother-sister sets for the two-to-six-year-olds. A flower motif accents the V neckline bordered in a darker color and the kick-pleated skirt for the tiny miss is attached to a guimpe top. The shorts for brother have an elastic top or are joined to a band.

Man tailored and amply cut is the especially wearable brother suit of washable jersey zephyr yarn. Shorts for this may be obtained either lined or unlined, while for little sister a skirt may be had attached to a bodice top

The crew neck of this sweater buttons on the shoulder and is given the V suggestion by means of a splotch of color.

Separate sweaters to accompany jacket suits for the small boy or to pull over lightweight frocks for the wee girl are in plain colors with stripings in contrasting colors.

Three Coat Rules for Junior Chic

JUNIOR coats, whether for utility, sports, street or dress wear, are certain to follow one or all of the three strong points in Spring modishness

Conspicuously novel tailored details, decorative cuffs and face-framing, flattering collars, all may bear some distant relationship to styles with which we are familiar, yet at the same time designers have made the most of the newest ideas.

Backs, for example, are not left to face the scrutiny of the passerby without commanding as much interest as the fronts. Three clear illustrations of this are to be noted in the sketches—details which further the style of each garment.

The junior miss is perfectly conscious of and sensitive to the fascination of fine tailoring She appreciates the snug comfort and the style value in a coat of camel's hair. Also she can tell you that eggshell caracul is a fur much to be desired on the side of fashion

All three factors for Spring smartness are combined in a model shown with front in simple wrap-around effect and back seamed from neckline to hem in diagonal lines. The sleeves happen to be cut in one piece with the back, although set in at the front and are elaborated by very wide cuffs trimmed at the sides with slashing

A fine quality of camel's hair is used for this coat, whose stand-away collar of eggshell caracul beautifully blends with the color of the fabric Crape back satin makes the lining

Suede finished fabrics will be much in evidence before and after the Easter season. Very softly finished dull broadcloth in a deep green is a material employed for the cape coat. The intricate back tailoring shows to what lengths designers go for embellishing an otherwise plain back

It is continually remarked that the cape will be a popular style for Spring. In this model the cape is of the winged shoulder variety, springing in a graceful flare from the back panel of the coat and just short of elbow length.

The cuffs are very deep and lend an air to the sleeve. Dyed squirrel faces the standing collar.

Coats of the sports sort are always the requisite of juniors An attractive model is this in a novelty woolen, beige in body with contrasting striping in pastel tones for border. This forms the trimming on the cuffs and the ends of the scarf collar Echoing the angles produced by the seaming at the back of the coat, the pockets are slashed in the same lines.

Spring Mode in Prints

MORE becoming to the majority of women of large or small size, of fresh youth or greater maturity are the fresh new prints in minute designs Larger patterns are reserved for more dressy fabrics and occasions.

A charming Metropolitan style of the season prior to Easter is the tiny print dress for wear beneath the Winter coat, or the costume including printed accessories to match.

New in the ensemble realm is the peasant print introduced by a prominent domestic silk house, the designed fabric used for a bow trimmed frock and the lining of a plain cloth coat as illustrated

The diminutive colored flower on a dark background is decidedly effective when worn under a coat that is black or matches the background of the print.

One may go to such printed lengths as to include with this costume a scarf, one section of which is plain and the other printed, with the vamp of the shoe and the lining of the bag in the same

A very small patterned necktie print is used by Chanel for a Spring accessory ensemble consisting of a draped band on a Panama hat of the cloche order, a scarf, belt and handbag of course to be worn with a costume in a solid color

White Animates Black

FASHION'S allegiance to all black as the badge of ultra-chic has swerved in favor of a modification of its severity by a touch of white so that it may hobnob with the gay colors of the season without the effect of utter sombreness.

Black satin and black flat crepe as well are seen in superb frocks daintily enlivened by some clever arrangement of white in the collar or scarf. Pure white takes on a faint tint of cream, since off-white shades are very becoming to the majority of complexions, to which all black is most trying, particularly in the lustreless silks.

SHORT capes with dresses and cape-back coats and jackets reveal the fact that this house has made a consistent effort to introduce the cape once more in daytime fashions. Many tailleurs with flared and gored skirts are shown together with belted backs and waistcoat blouses.

Skirts here are short for daywear and several coats in full length are semi-fitted with padded seams.

Beach Ensembles in Tricolor

THE now famous tricolor idea appears everywhere in every phase of feminine raiment It supplies vitality, zest and intrigue to the vogue for color contrast. So marked is this fashion that one might easily say, "Blend your colors and be usual, contrast them and be smart."

Contrast in the tricolor way is the new note in beach ensembles, and whether your resort time is now or a few months hence this type of ensemble will be the mode

Chartreuse jersey fashions the light-colored little coat suit at the left with a double border for trimming in navy blue and white

The cape is distinctly new in beach fashions. Here it covers the suit in lieu of the jacket Of navy blue, the ensemble combines red and white.

These beach costumes include either a jacket or cape as may be, a little dress to be slipped on over short trunks, or one that combines a skirt with the Patou-type trunks

Novelties in sandals also show color contrast in smart swirling stripes.

The bright small hat is appearing above the fur coat and such a striking contrast is very pleasing if the vivid color is becoming It even may contrast with the dress if carefully chosen

New Straws for Spring Hats

STYLISTS have more than once predicted an immense popularity for straws with the beginning of Spring only to have women cling tenaciously to soft felts. From all indications this usual procedure will not have a real footing, since straws have a natural fashion relation to and a consistency with wash fabrics, as we are accustomed to term the many weaves in cotton and linen.

The amazing enthusiasm with which ginghams and linens have been purchased by the hundreds to appear at Southern resorts gives real promise that we in the city will be addicted to them in the Spring And hence also we will relinquish some of our felt hats in favor of more summery straws

Two very important straws are Paris Meme, introduced this season as a yielding, supple, drapable body with a high sheen, and the well known lustreful cellophane, a splendid medium for achieving the sleek, shining, small chapeau.

Yellow Paris Meme makes the larger of these two hats, with a distinctly down turned brim hugging the neck at the back The much-favored fuzzy angora faces the brim to soften the line and bands the crown.

Smart for several reasons is the second hat of cellophane, first in its combination of red and black and second, because of its cut-up front and down-sweeping back.

PIN ENSEMBLES

Three or four jeweled pins in varying sizes, but in the same design are smart to add a metal touch to the frock and may be placed in effective positions This is slightly newer than the more usual ensembles of necklace, bracelet and the like.

Knitwear for Sports

DEFINITE fashion approval is granted to knitted fabrics for spectator or active sportswear They are not only fetching but are practical in the extreme. It is a matter of taste whether the costume selected be a one-piece, two, or three, although the last named is more comfortable for the present.

Tailored details are worked out with much thought and precision in knitted costumes, as illustrated in this ensemble of short jacket, skirt cut with front godets, and bordered sweater in very fine stripes of a color to match the suit fabric done in the new invisible water wave stitch.

Color contrast is presented in a different manner in many of the knitted sports things as exemplified in the golf costume shown—the fabric of a mixed zephyr and rayon. This skirt is widely box pleated to provide excessive freedom of movement and is stitched to a point well below the hips.

Contrasting color is introduced only in the sweater, at neck, cuff and border finish. The new version of the shirt is shown in this neckline

Correct for riding is a costume consisting of a coat of dark twill, possibly blue, if you like, and breeches of the same color, but in a lighter tone

Fashions for Evening

COLORED slippers in satin and crepe are favored by leading couturiers for evening Patou shows crystal jewelry beautifully blending with the dress

Crystal beaded gowns in white and colors or bodices embellished with beads flash in the new collections

Sleeveless jackets and pointed self capelets are still a part of the formal ensemble.

Tulle is employed for many a clever evening frock, some stunning models gay with tiny ruffles in mixed pastel colors.

Agnes uses bunches of red flowers at the waist of black evening dresses or self colored flowers at the left side back.

Decorative Footwear

THE Spring color note in dressy shoes is an alliance of two or three combinations of harmonizing materials and shades Street wear takes on the tones of tan, considerably lighter in coloring such as marron glace and sunburn beige

In sports models a striking lowering of heels is most apparent. White has come to be the smart background for tan, black or colored trimmings, or beige as a softer ground than white for these colors.

Oxfords with Serbian stitching are new and chic for walking or service wear and have been much worn in the South. The trimly tailored one-strap stitched and pink model in a two-tone combination has a substantial all-leather heel and is far from cumbersome on the foot.

Beige and white interlaced with colors on vamp and laced strap are shown in woven sandals for sport.

The standard pump which is pleasingly slenderizing on any foot reserves its classic design. A novelty from Palm Beach that will achieve Summer popularity is the white pump with lacing lines in color

Spectator shoes include everything colorful that is not of special active sports persuasion. A model for spectator or afternoon wear is shown smartly strapped in three tones blending in off shades and cut with the open shank.

Blue has been accepted as one of the standard colors and is particularly fashionable with tailored suits.

Aim of Sleeveless Dresses

IN accordance with the vogue for the health rays of the sun, the sleeveless frock has been cut to expose quite a bit of the back as well, yet upon all occasions when the wearer has left the spot of sunshine a jacket or coat is donned to complete the costume.

This fashion should be taken up with fervor by the very active younger set much given to an indulgence in sports.

Fur Scarf Trend

WINTER takes on the semblance of Spring as soon as fur scarfs appear in the shop windows Advance models indicate the metropolitan woman will again look with favor on the striking silver fox. This is shown in single skins and also in a nice arrangement of two

However, if the universality of the silver fox causes you to consider other furs you may be quite as modish if you select a lovely sable or fisher. This in either pelt is mounted singly or in three skins, and usually at least one head and the tails are visibly ornamental.

CHESS COLUMN

"Good company's a chessboard" —Byron's "Don Juan"

By T. H. PIPER

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BLACK—Capablanca

WHITE—Gemzoe

The play is the end of the game which follows:

WHITE	BLACK
28 R K N 1	20 K R 3
29 P K 5	29. B K 2
30. P K R 4	20. P x P
21 B K 4	21. B Q 4
92. B B 5	32 R B 2
23. R N 4	33. R B 2
24. B B 2	34. B K 2
35. R x P ch	35. K N 4
30 Q R K R 1	30. B B 4
97. R R 5 ch	27 K N 3
38. B x B ch	39 R x B
20 R R 0 ch	39. K N 2
40. R x N	Black resigns

A game from the Cuban's Danish tour, ten of the strongest in Copenhagen opposing.

WHITE Gemzoe	BLACK Capablanca
1. P K 4	1. P K 4
2. N K B 3	2. N Q B 3
3. B N 5	3. P Q R 2
4 B R 4	4. P Q 2
5. P Q 3	5 P K N 3
9 Castles	0 B N 2
7. N B 3	7 N K 2
9 B K 2	0 Castles
8 Q Q 2	0 N Q 5
10 N K 1	10 P K B 4
11 P B 4	11. P B 4
12 B N 3 ch	12 K R 1
13 P x K P	13 Q P x P
14. B N 5	14 Q Q 2
15. B R 9	15. P K B 5
10. B x B ch	16 K x B
17 N B 2	17 N x N
18 P x N	18 B R 8
10 K R K 1	19. P Q N 4

19. . . . P K N 4!

Bogoljubow in Kagans Schachnachrichten says Black's true line was a break through with the K N P!, the Rook's aiding via K B 2 to exploit the unequal balance of force between the White wings.—T. H. P

20. Q B 2	20 Q Q 5
21. N K 2	21 Q x Q ch
22 K x Q	22. Q R B 1
23 P B 3	23 P N 4
24 P Q 4	24 K P x P
25 P x P	25 P B 5
26. B B 2	20. N B 2
27 Q R Q 1	27. K R Q 1

The remaining moves are with the diagram at the head of the column.

Our next has an elegant finish worthy of Zukertort.

WHITE	BLACK
1 P K 4	1 P Q B 2
2. P Q 4	2 P Q 4
3. P K 5	3 B B 4
4 B Q 2	4 P K N 3

M.C.O. gives 4 . . . B x B, 5 Q x B, P K 3 6 N K 2!, Q N 3; 7. Castles, P Q B 4; 9 P Q B 2, N Q B 3.

5 B x B	5. P x B
6. B N 5	6 B R 2
7 P K 0!	7 B x B
8 Q R 5	8 Q R 4 ch
9 N B 2	9 N B 2
10 P x P ch	10 K B 1
11 Q x B	11. N K 5
12 Q x B P!	12 N x N
12. P x N	12 Q x P ch
14 K K 2	14 Q x R
15 Q B 8 ch	15 K x P
16 Q x R	16 P B 4
17 N B 2	17 Q x R
18 N N 5 ch	18. K N 2
19 Q N 0 ch	19 K B 4
20. P N 4 ch	20 K x P
21 N K 4 ch	21 K B 5
22 Q N 5 ch	22 K x N
23. Q N 4 mate	

CHESS NEWS AND NOTES

England — University Matches—The Oxford University C C beat the Civil Service by 9 games to 4. Cambridge University C.C. won from the University of London by 7½-8½, and scored 9 to the three Northern Universities score of 3.

Southern Counties Championship—Middlesex visited Brighton and were beaten by Sussex by 10 to 9½. M. E. Goldstein, of cable match fame, won on top board vs. Norman. Surrey beat Kent by the wide margin of 12½-3½; R. P. Mitchell won on top board.

Umpire's decisions re Middlesex vs. Surrey gives a win for the former by 0 to 7. Each county has lost one match but Surrey takes first place by a greater percentage of won games. Somerset scored 9 to 7 by Devon, and Herts lost to Hampshire by 5½ to 10½, but drew with Berkshire with 9 all.

London Chess League—Lud-Eagle won 19 to 4 by Bohemians, Battersea scored 12½ to Hampstead's 7½ and Highbury beat Wood Green by 10½ to 0½.

Woodhouse Cup Competition—A ten-board match between Sheffield and Huddersfield was won by the former by 9½-2½; H. E. Atkins, headmaster of Huddersfield Grammar School and the strongest British player of the century, drew on top board. Bradford won from Sheffield by 9-4 and from Rotherham by 0½-3½.

Ramsgate Congress—The Team Tournament, in which the following British and foreign players will contend, begins on March 30. The present entries are: Foreigners—Capablanca, Koltanowski, Maroczy, Soultanbeieff, Dr. Vajda; English—Yates, Sir George Thomas, Winter, Michell, G. Sergeant. Although individual scores will count for the respective contenders to determine the prizes, it will be in the nature of a team match.

The World Championship—Dr. Alechin, having been informed by the stakeholder, Van Linschoten, that Bogoljubow had deposited the necessary 1500 forfeit, as per London grandmasters' agreement, replied, stipulating that he is entitled to a three months' notice before the beginning of play. The world champion has engagements as far West as Colorado, where he will exhibit at the Denver City Athletic Club April 30, and he expects to remain in the United States about eight weeks. He has written Capablanca that the Bogoljubow match has priority over his return match with the ex-champion.

Scotland—Richardson Cup Competition—The match between Glasgow and Edinburgh was won by the Westerners by 8 games to 1.

Ireland — Armstrong Cup — The Dublin Corporation beat the Jewish C.C. by 4 to 2. M. Epstein lost on top board to Cu Uladh. On March 19 a twenty-board match was arranged between the provinces of Leinster and Munster, the first match they have ever played together. The Munster team are from Cork and Limerick, the Leinster are all from Dublin.

New Zealand—Angus Erskine won the championship, winning 8-0, he was born in New Zealand, but learnt serious chess in London in the late nineties. Oyles was second, 7-1; Severne third, 4½. There were three ordinary prizes, and, in addition, brilliancy and "best recovery" prizes.

South Africa—L. Pierce won the Natal Championship with a score of 7½-2½. Durban beat Pretoria by 10½ to ½.

United States—New York is planning a tournament for the city championship invitations having been sent to all the leading players by the Hungarian C.C., which is acting as sponsor for the affair. It may be noted that the standard of play is high in New York from the fact that A. Kupchik, A. P. champion, and I. Kashdan, who won 12-1 with 2 draws at The Hague Team Tourney, finished second and third only, respectively, in the Manhattan championship.

Los Angeles—The championship fell to O. Patterson, who is auditor for the West Coast Hollywood Theatres.

Belgium—The National Championship fell to Edgar Colle with a score of 5, Koltanowski, 4½, Engleman, 2. In their individual encounters Colle and Koltanowski won one game each.

Italy—The national champion the Marquis Rosselli del Turco has accepted a challenge from Mario Monticelli. The match will be played at Florence this month.

Holland—A tournament at The Hague was won by Van der Bosch, 4 wins, Landau, 3½, Kroone, 9.

Poland—Warsaw gained a handsome victory over Lodz in their last encounter, scoring 14½-7½. It was a double round match, and on the top board Blaiss won 2-0 against Rosenblum.

Sweden—Both Bogoljubow and Reti were engaged in simultaneous exhibitions at Stockholm and the larger cities. The records of these exhibitions were Bogoljubow, games played, 946; won, 696; drawn, 144; lost, 106. Reti, games played, 588; won, 434, drawn, 102, lost, 52.

A short tournament at Stockholm resulted as follows: Reti, 4½; Lundin and Stoltz, 3 each. Stockholm, Goteborg and Skania played 3 matches as follows: Stockholm, 5; Goteborg, 3; Skania vs. Goteborg, 4 all; Stockholm, 4½; Skania, 3½.

OBITUARY

The last Chief Justice Gordon Hunter was a member of the Victoria Chess Club and played in the big tournament in 1900-1, his combinative power and sound position judgment rewarding him with the second prize. Like Morphy (the son of a Chief Justice), his chess board manners were admirable. The game before him absorbed him. With quiet impassive dignity he waited for his opponent's move, and even if hard pressed in match games, was careful not to use more time than his opponent. We lost a game to him in the tournament, but win or lose it was a pleasure to play him. Great sorrow and regret at his death and respect for his memory was felt by his chess opponents.

SOUND AUCTION BRIDGE

By WILBUR C. WHITEHEAD

The World's Greatest Authority

HAND No. 206

North: ♠ Q 9 2 ♡ K 8 5 ◇ Q 9 6 4 2 ♣ 10 8

West: ♠ 7 6 ♡ Q J 7 4 2 ◇ 10 7 ♣ A 6 5 4

East: ♠ K 7 5 ♡ A 10 6 ◇ A 5 3 ♣ K Q J 3

South: ♠ A 10 8 4 3 ♡ 9 3 ◇ K J 8 ♣ 9 7 2

South is the dealer. What is the proper bidding and play?

THE PLAY

Tricks	South	West	North	East	Won by N S	Won by E W
1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						
12						
13						
Total Tricks Won						

(Bracket the card led to each trick)

Declarer . . . Opponents

Point Score . . . .

Honor Score . . . .

THE BIDDING

South Bids	West Bids	North Bids	East Bids

Final Bid . . . . Played by . . . .

In the next issue Mr. Whitehead will explain the salient points in the bidding and play of the above hand. Fill out your own chart and compare it with his method.

These hands must not be bid or played "Double Dummy," i.e., as though all four hands were exposed.

Note—In recording the Auction, or the play, use "S" for Spades, "H" for Hearts, "D" for Diamonds, and "C" for Clubs. Use "NT" for No Trumps, "DBL" for double, "REDBL" for redouble.

Yesterday's Hand as Played by Mr. Whitehead

HAND No. 205

S—♠ 10 7 6 2 ♡ A J ◇ A K J 2 ♣ J 8 5
W—♠ K Q J 9 5 ♡ K 0 4 3 ◇ 8 5 ♣ 9 9
N—♠ A ♡ 9 7 5 ◇ 10 0 2 ♣ A K 7 6 4 2
E—♠ 8 4 3 ♡ Q 10 8 2 ◇ Q 9 7 4 ♣ Q 10

The Correct Bidding and Play

THE PLAY

(Bracketed card shows lead to each trick)

Tricks	South	West	North	East	Won by N S	Won by E W
1	S2	(SK)	SA	S3	1	
2	C8	C3	(CA)	C10	1	
3	CJ	C9	(CK)	CQ	1	
4	D2	D5	(D10)	DQ		1
5	HA	H8	H5	(H2)	1	
6	(S6)	S5	D3	S4	1	
7	DJ	D6	(D2)	D9	1	
8	(DA)	H3	H7	D4	1	
9	(DK)	H4	H9	D7	1	
10	(C5)	S9	C7	H6	1	
11	S7	SJ	(C6)	S8	1	
12	S10	HQ	(C4)	H10	1	
13	HJ	SQ	(C2)	HQ	1	
Total Tricks Won					12	1

Declarer / Opponents

Point Score . . 42 . . . . . .

Honor Score . . 90 . . . . . .

THE BIDDING

South Bids	West Bids	North Bids	East Bids
1D	1S	2D	Pass
Pass	Pass		

Final Bid . . . 2 D . . . Played by South . . .

Salient Points of the Bidding

Support of a Minor Bid

North is confronted with a problem as to whether to assist his partner's Diamonds or show his six-card Club suit. With but the normal expectancy of three Diamonds and the possibility that his partner may have but four, there exists sound grounds for a bid of two Clubs, even though it operates as a denial of Diamond support. Ordinarily, however, in this situation there should be a second opportunity to bid, and if so in this case North by then bidding Clubs would give his partner a better picture of his hand. The two-Diamond bid held, however, and afforded Declarer a pretty problem of play, whereas at Clubs game could have been made easily.

Salient Points of the Play

Providing For One Adversary's Holding Four Trumps When a Four-Card Suit Bid Has Secured the Contract

Trick 1. Declarer's best chance for game lies in bringing in Dummy's long Clubs if possible. Declarer therefore plans to take two rounds of Clubs to find out if the four adverse Clubs are evenly divided, in which case the suit can be brought in. If the second round of Clubs is trumped, this plan must be abandoned and a cross-ruff undertaken.

Tricks 2 and 2. South unblocks.

Trick 4. By conceding one trump trick, Declarer can make a Small Slam unless one adversary should hold more than four trumps. Declarer therefore allows the Queen of trumps to hold the trick, thus providing against the normal 4-2 distribution of the outstanding trumps.

Trick 5. Declarer ruffs a Spade, counting on the discard of his remaining losers on Dummy's Clubs if the trumps fall in three more rounds.

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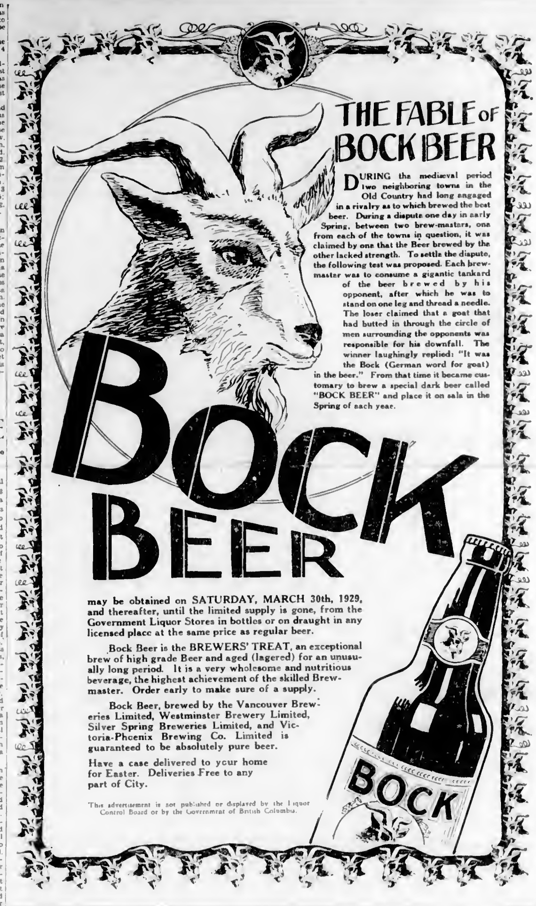
BRIGHT OUTLOOK IN COPPER TRADE

S. H. Logan's Review Shows no World Shortage Expected—Demand Ever Increasing

TORONTO, March 22.—Careful study of the factors underlying the copper situation shows that a strong demand and good prices may be expected for some time to come, although the present strained condition of the market may not continue beyond July, according to S. H. Logan, general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. No alarm need be felt for at least many years with regard to the quantity of copper available, for while under normal conditions consumption is increasing at the rate of between 4 and 5 per cent per annum, there are known to be at least 2,500,000,000 tons of accessible ore, sufficient to last for twenty years or more without the need of investigating new sources, although, of course, further exploration is warranted in countries such as this, where geological and mining conditions are favorable. Just at present demand exceeds blister and refined supply owing to a noticeable improvement in world industry, specially in Canada, the United States and Europe, and the lower output from Chile as a result of a recent earthquake. But apart from the room for expansion in mineral output, the operations of the smelting industry, although at a high level, are understood to be not more than 95 per cent of capacity.

Two other factors must be taken into account as offsetting in the long run any temporary shortage of new supplies—the large production of secondary copper recovered from remelting old copper and brass scrap, an increasingly important item in commerce, and secondly the fact that high prices tend to stimulate production from all sources, and cause consumers to turn to substitutes such as lead, aluminum or rustless iron. Accordingly a shortage of refined copper would not last long unless the leading producers combine to restrict their output, which they are not likely to do in view of the good profit they can make with copper selling at the present price or at fifteen to sixteen cents a pound.

World consumption today of copper from all sources, including that recovered from scrap is over 2,000,000,000 tons per annum, as compared with 1,000,000 tons less than twenty years ago, and 500,000 tons in the closing years of the last century. Much of the increased use has undoubtedly been due to the development of the electrical industry which in all its branches uses about 12 per cent, and the building industry 5 per cent. The world production of electricity has more than doubled since 1913 and the limit of expansion has not by any means been reached. As far as can be judged, not more than 15 per cent of the world's potential waterpower has been utilized, and Europe has scarcely begun to meet its needs in this direction.



BRITISH MERCHANTS TO VISIT RUSSIA

Trade Mission Will Investigate Openings for Trade and Negotiate Basis for Financing

LONDON, March 22.—All the branches of British industry are represented in the British commercial mission which is visiting Russia this month. The delegates plan to investigate what openings there are in Russia in each of their special industries. At the same time they will meet the authorities at Moscow and discuss a basis of finance, without which an extension of trade would be impossible.

Assurances have been received that the Russian Government will welcome the delegation and afford them every possible facility for studying the economic situation. The Russian authorities, it is stated would be glad to see British finance and industry take a leading part in the economic reconstruction of Russia.

While the British Government has in no way inspired the visit and assumes no responsibility for it, the Government is not hostile to the idea. Ernest Remnant, editor of The English Review, who initiated the scheme, says the Russian market is the largest available to British industry. It is a mistake to judge trade possibilities by prewar figures, he says. Under present conditions the volume of British trade with Russia in prewar days might be multiplied tenfold. The limit will be imposed by British finance and not by the Russian demand.

AUTO FIGHTS TSETSE

TORONTO, March 22.—Sleeping sickness no longer can be held accountable for lethargy in South Africa. The tsetse, a little fly scarcely half an inch in length, which has dominated Africa since the beginning of time by its ability to carry this dread disease, is being rendered powerless by the advent of the automobile. A metal body is not such a juicy morsel for the eager jaws of the little tyrant. This is the story that George R. Stevens, who has just returned after four years as Canadian Government Commissioner in South Africa, unfolded to the Canadian Club here. He is a Canadian by birth and served as an officer in the Princess Pats.

The tsetse sucks the blood of cattle, transmitting germs to the blood of human beings, with the result that all Africa south of the desert regions became a land of little peoples held aloof from each other through terror of the disease-carrying ability of this pest. Since the advent of the automobile, which is rapidly replacing the susceptible beasts of burden, and the opening of roads, the walls between the people are being broken down and community interest aroused.

Wife—"The doctor says he has given you a new lease of life."

Husband—"Well, he hasn't left me much with which to pay the rent."

"Is he one of the landed gentry?"

"No, he's still a bachelor."

MISS ADVENTURES

The Trapper

By Mary Tuttle